

The Madness Of Being Solitary

by SolaceActor

Category: Batman Begins/Dark Knight

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Joker

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-08-26 23:50:35

Updated: 2012-05-17 18:26:02

Packaged: 2016-04-26 11:53:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 12

Words: 36,931

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: I was 11 years old when my younger sister was murdered. I was 17 when my family were killed in an accident. I was 21 when the Hero of Gotham failed to save me. Now, it's my turn. Probably OOC and a little fluffy. Please read until the bottom. Joker/OC

1. This is only the beginning

****Right, there are some terms that I don't normally use since I'm not American. Those Americans who give a shit about my language and vocabulary and read this, sorry if it's not quite correct. I do use some American slang like 'Cookie' and I say 'Zee' instead of 'Zed'. People think I'm weird, lol. Anywho, yeah, enjoy the story. I shan't say the Disclaimer cos you guys are smart enough to know I don't own any of it except for Solace. Cheers.****

I am called Solace. Some people know me by Solace, other know me by The Actor. Yeah, neither of them are very scary but they only describe what I do. My real name is Sony. I am a villain. I'm one of the deadliest villains in all of Gotham. Of course, I'm not top. The Joker is the top man around here. I pride myself in being Number 2. I happen to hate Batman. Of course I do, it's what I'm supposed to do as the villain but I hate him beyond any petty status. I'm telling you this story because I've changed, somewhat. Well, not really but I've changed enough to realize some stuff, ya know, epiphanies and the like. I trust you with my life story. You better sit tight and suck up all the cruelty, irony and depravity I've got in store. If you don't like it, leave, be my guest. If any of you insolent, petty criminals think you've got what it takes to beat me, so be it. I'll be waiting. But let me tell you one thing; I'm a kick ass at fighting. Simple. Even your deformed, inferior brains can figure that out.

Now that that rant is over, I can speak civilly to the nice people who want to learn what it's like to be seen as the city lunatic. Well, other than the Joker of course. I'll start from the beginning.

When I was a little girl, about seven or eight, I had a great life. My parents were happily married, my siblings and I got on fine, our lifestyle wasn't shabby and I had friends in my Elementary school. It was a pretty great period of my life. When I was about 11, my family began acting a little strange. Always yelling, my Dad would pull out a knife; my Mom would grab a plate and smash it over his head. Even my younger sister grabbed a meat cleaver and smashed it on my twin sister's foot. I was the only person left who appeared sane. I remember walking into the game room we had. I found my eight year old sister laying stone dead on the ground. I hadn't screamed. I had just stared at her body and marvelled at her lack of blood, though she had been stabbed roughly sixteen times in the chest. I had left the game room and shut the door, hoping my Mom wouldn't see me leave. Thankfully, she didn't. I had walked up to my room and sat on my bed, mulling over what I had just seen. Kayleigh was gone. I wouldn't have anyone to play Scrabble with anymore; she wouldn't help me make mince pies at Christmas anymore. I wouldn't have someone to shout at to get out of my room or to scold her for being too girly. She wasn't going to be around to be the nuisance of the house but she wasn't around to be the shining light either.

The next few months were hell. I was to turn 12 in just a few days and my parents were suspicious of my role in Kayleigh's death. They were my parents, for Christ's sake! They should trust me! They didn't even suspect Morgan. My twin sister was forever the perfect daughter. I didn't hate her but I didn't particularly like her either. As I grew older, so did my dislike for my family. My Dad had confronted me the day after my birthday, saying it was only right that I should own up to what I had done. What had I done? I wasn't even a teenager yet and I was to be trialled for murder! It was after six years; after the trial and my innocence was proven that my parents were killed in a car crash. I was in the car and I know what happened. My parents were driving my sister and me to Acting Club. My family had definitely developed some distaste for me ever since Kayleigh's murder. It was bloody pissing me off. Yes, I have some English in me. My mother is English. ***(A.N: Sorry, couldn't resist.)**** Anywho, we were literally one street away from our club meeting when my sister thinks it would be a bright idea to undo her seatbelt, lurch forwards, grab the steering wheel and hurl us into an oncoming ambulance. No one survived except for me. Ironical, no? I barely managed to escape and I was scorning myself for having no feeling towards this tragedy. I may have had the tiniest inkling of remorse in my blood, but that was it. And I hated myself for that. I would huddle under bus shelters, terrified to show my face to the public of fear of what they would think of me. Going back home was much too risky and I had no money. Stealing was necessary. I managed to live off bread and milk for a little while but I was much too thin. I stole a gun, in case I had to defend myself, and robbed a small newsagent's store. It was barely a shop, more a tiny corner stall. I had taken as much food and money as I could. By the time I was twenty one, I had robbed banks all over Gotham. I had no idea that I was being watched by some freaky bat guy.

He confronted me, while I was making an escape from a small time bank. "Who are you and why are you doing this?" To be honest, his voice frightened me a little. It was rough and raspy and I could tell he was merely putting it on. After seeing all of my family's dead bodies, I wasn't fazed that easily. "Call me Solace, hot shot. Or The Actor. Whichever takes your fancy." I said casually, glad that I was still wearing my Venetian mask. It's a mask that only covers my eyes;

they're my favourite ones. That day, my mask was a dark blue with golden sparkles decorated around the eye holes and the embroidery on the edge. "Solace! You look young. Why did you take this path?" He asked curiously. I shrugged and pretended I didn't know what he was talking. He had advanced threateningly and I shrank back the slightest bit. "I'm a dangerous foe, Solace. You would do well to ignore evil and continue in the path of good." I'm sorry but I couldn't help but burst out laughing. "Oh man, really?" I said finally after hearing him growling, "Sorry, but your last sentence was terribly cliché." I explained with a mocking tone. His patience had snapped and he struck me. I merely guffawed. "Is that the best you can do, hot shot?" I jeered at him. He stuck his foot out but I avoided it. He was a big guy. He was definitely strong but his movements were quite slow and he had to think a split second before he struck. Just as he was about to break my nose, I swiped my hand at his neck and he stopped for a moment, surprised that I had actually gotten a hit on him. To be honest, I had been a little surprised at the time too. I had to get away; I didn't plan on killing him anytime soon; that could wait until he grew boring. I needed a way to distract him and I used the worst and most random thing imaginable. "Oh my god, what kind of a bowling pin is that?" I had pondered aloud. I am still amazed to this day that he bought it. He spun around and searched for the unique bowling pin. I had used that as my chance to escape. That was my first encounter with Batman. Trust me, there was a few more.

I was being mugged by some random guy. I didn't really care since I didn't have anything on my person so I thought I may as well let him. I only had a knife with me, hidden up my sleeve, like a hidden blade. He hadn't found anything on my body that I could but that didn't stop him from trying to steal me. He could take everything he wanted except for one thing: My innocence. If he even tried to remove that, he would be a dead man. Sure enough, he reached down my jeans and tried to yank them down. I had thanked the lord that I was wearing a belt that night. Before he could even try to touch my belt, I flicked out my knife and put the tip to his eye. "Ohhh, now why would you want to do something like _that_?" I asked mockingly. He whimpered a little and I spun us around so that he was cornered against the wall. "Now, now! behave!" I whispered softly. He gulped audibly and I began to cackle with laughter. I was really losing it, back then. "Now, I'm not happy that you tried to rape me!" I mumbled, "So if you were to take my virginity, I would have to take your eye out. You got that?" I said the last part menacingly. He nodded and pressed into the wall as much as he could to escape my glinting knife, terrified that it was a mere millimetre from his iris. I had let him go and delighted in his cries of fear as he staggered off. I hadn't been anticipating a familiar rough voice a few feet behind me. "You handled that pretty well." Batman said evenly. I turned to face him slowly and raised an eyebrow. He could barely see it, since it was concealed by my vibrant orange mask today, with a sun around my right eye. "You like to sneak up on people, huh?" I asked, a little pissed off that he had found me a little late. Even though I easily had that mugging under control, it would have been nice for him to step him try to make him stop searching my pockets. He nearly smirked but continued to watch me. "Go away." I said flatly, and turned on my heel to walk away. I was surprised he hadn't followed me.

My last encounter with Batman wasn't pleasant. It's the reason I hate him so much now. I had been trying to get a job to have an innocent identity, like a superhero! only not. I had gone into a large

bakery and was applying for a job there. It was a two storey building, with a tea shop at the top. I was stuck at the top when the fire broke out. Batman arrived and saved everyone. Everyone except for me. He saw me, oh yes, he saw me alright. He looked down at me as I stared back at him with a defiant eye, almost daring him to leave me there. He hadn't recognized me but I had a feeling he saw me as familiar but not in a good way. He could hear a child crying underneath a table on the other side of the room. He had rushed over and picked up the kid, leapt out of the building and left me. The building half exploded a mere moment after he and the child escaped. I had major burns on my back and a large scar under my eye. I had remained in hospital for three months and then was allowed to leave. I detested Batman from then on. He had nearly killed me because he had failed to remember that there was a young woman stuck under a table because half of the roof had collapsed on her. I never took off my mask after that.

Right, that's there is to tell really. You'll just have to find out what's happened now and how I've changed.

Thank you for reading, if you got this far. I don't want to make this OOC and fluffy like all my others. I'm working on 24 stories (no joke). Four of them are for . I've been suffering from insomnia and that is when I usually write my stories. These are the stories (characters included) that I'm working on. Only ones for FanFiction by the way.

**She Came From The Heavens Above â€" 2D and OC (Gorillaz) Chapter. Only plot has been made a little.

>What Makes You Think Thatâ€|? â€" 2D and Noodle (Gorillaz) Chapter. Only plot has been made a little.
Be Careful â€" Jack the Ripper. (It's an idea I was pondering for a while and I don't know whether to go through with it. He's horrible, yes, but he fascinates me too. PM me if you like this one.) Chapter. Chapter 1 has been nearly finished for a while.

>I Wrote Romance Not Tragedies â€" Brendon Urie and OC (Yes, I love him. I've decided it shall start off as a one shot or a two shot but if enough people review then I'll morph it into a chapter story. I've already figured out most of the plot, as in three quarters of it, so it won't take long to complete. Very fantastical) One shot until further date. Plot and most of chapter 1 is done.
Fool â€" Ichigo and Rukia (Bleach) It's a one shot but it isn't coming together rightâ€| Nearly done.

>I Don't Like Him â€" 2D and Noodle (Gorillaz) Yeah, it's another one. I had a phase. One shot. Started.
Lips Are Sealed â€" Chris Mead and OC (Waterloo Road) Okay, I HATE soap operas but I still love this teacher. Obviously, it's a teacher/student. Beware: Fluff and OOC. Chapter. Chapter three has been started.

>My Name Is Jonah Star â€" Cameron Frye and OC (Ferris Bueller's Day Off) Yay, it's another one! Different to Take A Stand, by the way. Same plot but different character and ideas. Chapter. Chapter one is nearly complete.
My Unintended â€" Matthew Bellamy and OC (Muse singer, guitarist and pianist) Chapters 1, 2 and 3 are up and have Writer's Block so don't expect a chapter any time soon. Chapter.

>Nothing Compares â€" Cameron Frye and OC (Ferris Bueller's Day Off) Yearp, it's another. Writer's Block in chapter 2 since chapter 1 was so eventful. Chapter.
Oliver Wood You Leave Me? â€" Oliver Wood and OC (Harry Potter) Chapter one is complete but have Writer's Block again. Sorry for my lack of imagination guys. Chapter.

>Sparring With Starring â€" Tom Riddle and OC (Harry Potter) Only plot has been done but it should be okay. Contains fear and sexual content by the way. It shall be rated T if it 'hits the shelves'. Chapter.
J is for Justice â€" L/Lawliet and OC (Death Note) Chapter one is on Wattpad but I'll put it on here too pretty soon. The first chapter is very eventful and confused one reader. By the way, it will contain attempted rape, death, murder, possible cannibalism, fear and sexual content. Don't say I didn't warn you. Chapter one is to be re-written and posted on here and I need to sort out a basic plot. Chapter.

>S ELF Less â€" Legolas and OC (Lord Of The Rings) Couldn't resist, sorry. Chapter one is really long if I remember correctly and very busy. As you all know, I like to get straight down to it. Chapter.
Blinded By Revenge And Romance â€" Sweeney Todd and OC (Sweeney Todd) Chapter one is complete and Chapter 2 is nearly done. As you can tell, I like OC's more than real characters. I used to love the idea that Mrs Lovett and Sweeney Todd could be together but I read my first OC story and it changed instantly. Chapter.
The Need For Survival â€" Akito and OC (Fruits Basket) I was obsessed with that for a while. I'm not even halfway through Chapter 1! Chapter.
The Only â€" Yuki and OC (Fruits Basket) Chapter one is complete but I still need a plot line. I have a cool little magic thing for them and 'Destined love' but that's it really. Chapter.

>The Science Of A Sociopath â€" Sherlock and OC (Sherlock) I was really pissed off with my Word system. I had two good ideas for Sherlock and I had two chapters for both. My laptop restarted randomly to update and they were lost. I'll tell you both the ideas because I can't decide. #1: OC to the plot of Study In Pink. A holiday as well, just for her. Her name is Lydia by the way. I do love that name. #2: My own crime where Lydia is getting stalked by some guy who was 'murdered' and has a shrine of her. Her tales of woe and love. Sherlock will be a _**little**_** OOC and fluffy but I like it when they are. :3 Both will be chapter.
>Tron : Split â€" RinzlerTron and OC (Tron : Legacy) I have most of the plot line and 2 chapters. Quite Adult, if ya know what I mean. Blatantly, you will. Chapter. **

**I have a few that don't have names or any kind of plot line but just stories I want to write. Sherlock Holmes (The Movie with Robert Downey Jr.), Professor Layton, Hiccup (How To Train Your Dragon movie), Lucien Lachance (Oblivion : Game), Baurus (Oblivion : Game) and that's it, I think. This probably bored you stiff but PLEASE PM OR REVIEW (That would be preferred) ME TO LET ME KNOW WHICH STORY YOU WANT MOST! In fact, give me your top three stories you want me to make and I'll go with the majority vote. I'll have to watch the film/read the book/play the game to get inspiration. Then I'll get obsessed and I'll be on a roll. I think that whether people like it or not, I'll continue with Brendon Urie (If I choose to make it a chapter, correction, if YOU choose it) and The Joker story too. Nothing personal but they could really go somewhere, I think. Cheers very much if you read this far and my apologies that it was SO short. Three pages are not long enough but I'll work on it! I swear it shall be longer next time. The Joker will be introduced soon, promise! Cheers folks. Peace out.
>Luna
**

My meeting with The Joker was, I have to admit, awesome. I ended up leaving with The Joker. Apparently, I impressed him. You have no idea how that cool that feels. You're probably wondering what's got me so hyped up. Well, here's how it went:

I sighed as I walked away from the banker. He had given me a few hundred dollar notes and I stuffed them into my wallet. I checked the time and smirked. I had heard from a little bird (an eavesdropping hobo. They're my eyes and ears) that there was a planned robbery at the bank. 10 more minutes before BOOM. I thought gleefully. Suddenly, gun fire ran out. Damn. Bit early but oh well. None of these guys should be him. Three guys ran in wearing suits and clown masks. I grinned as I realized The Joker's ploy. Darn. Wrong again. Ah well. He was one of the men. He was counting on the fact that the men were selfish and would eventually start killing each other as well. He'd eliminate the men to get everything. I liked his style. One man came up to me, he had purple and grey tufts of hair on his mask, and put a gun to my head. "I said, hands up, heads down!" He shouted in my face. I raised an eyebrow. I know I said that I never took my mask off afterwards but I had decided to test out a new brand of makeup. It covered my scars very well and I felt like giving it a shot here but just in case, I had my mask in my pocket. I'd put that on soon as I was confident that I wasn't going to be harmed. "I said, HANDS UP AND HEADS DOWN!" I sighed and quickly disarmed him. He fell to the floor and then tried to scramble to his feet once more. I put the gun to his temple and whistled loudly. The bank fell silent.

"Alright, I understand that you guys really do not care what happens to this bastard here but you might want to hear my little proposition." The robbers scoffed and aimed at me. I began inspecting my nails on my free hand. "I wouldn't do that if I were you. I have some very interesting information. It'd be a shame to just shoot that one chance of hearing it, wouldn't it?" I said airily. Of course, I was lying. Suddenly, a shotgun blast rang out and one of the clowns dropped to the ground, dead. The apparent boss walked out of his office, looking pretty bad ass. The clown who wasn't my hostage fell quickly behind the desk to protect himself. I let the clown beside me go and I knelt quickly, beginning my role as a scared hostage. They didn't call me The Actor for nothing.

He shot again, at the clown behind the desk, and reloaded. The boss looked very pissed off but very calm as well. He shot at the robber again and the clown bolted to another hiding spot. The boss knelt beside me to check if I was alright. He obviously hadn't seen me disarming one of my 'apprehenders'. "Are you okay? Did they hurt you?" He asked. I shook my head shakily, maintaining my character. "D-d-don't provoke them! They're dangerous!" I whispered hoarsely. He put a hand on my shoulder and then stood again. Once more, he aimed and shot, shouting "Yeah!" As he did so. The clown who was not my hostage continued to crawl along the floor to get away from the man. "Do you have any idea who you're stealing from?" He hollered angrily. Now my previous hostage and the other robber were crouched behind a table, waiting in silence since the boss did not fire again. "You and your friends are dead!"
>"He's out, right?" I heard purple-and-green ask, a little unsure. The other nodded and purple-and-green stood up to shoot. The boss was not out and promptly shot the guy in the shoulder.<p>

The remaining clown, the one who was not my hostage, stood quickly

and shot the man a few times. The boss shuddered and fell to the ground. My hostage stood suddenly and clutched his shoulder. "Where did you learn to count?" He exclaimed. He walked out of the room to some stairs and disappeared out of view. I quickly fumbled in my pocket for my mask and put it on. The final guy, whom I had not heard speak as of yet, was looking around silently. There was no doubt in my mind that this was The Joker. I stood up and grabbed the gun I had disarmed earlier. "Very clever. Very clever." I said loudly, walking casually but slowly on the other side of the room. The Joker span and looked at me, head cocked to the side. He didn't raise his gun and neither did I. "I see what you're doing. Yes, I know precisely who you are." I said with a smirk. He still remained silent. "That was very good, you had me fooled me for a little while. But it became apparent as soon as the other guy took the hit in the shoulder." I explained a little further.

>"You're a good actor, huh? You fooled the boss-man." He said suddenly. His voice was a little amusing but was very smooth. I could listen to him talk all day. I smiled.
"It is, after all, my reputation to be a good actor. That's what I'm known as." The Joker seemed to realize who I was finally.

>"Oh, I seeâ€¦ Should have got that from the mask really. You're known by another name thoughâ€¦ Solace, isn't it?" He asked curiously.
"Correct again. I won't reveal precisely who you are as of yet. You have to keep up your own ploy, don't you? I won't interfere. Continue." And I leaned against the wall right near beside the windows. Purple-and-green entered the room and I shrank back, willing myself to become unnoticed.

He pulled along around seven duffel bags and dumped on the floor in front of the Joker. "That's a lot of money." He said. The Joker helped for a moment, also pulling a few bags in. "If this Joker guy was so smart, he'd had had us bring a bigger car." Purple-and-green cocked his gun and pointed it at the Joker. He froze for a moment, as if wondering what the man was going to do. He looked back at him and I felt his eyes flicker to myself for a moment. "I'm betting the Joker told you to kill me soon as we loaded the cash." Purple-and-green said smugly, still holding his gun up. I heard The Joker chuckle softly. He checked his watch and said: "No, no, no, I kill the bus driver." And looked back at the man before him. I could sense his frown as his hand wavered for a moment. He shifted uncomfortably. "Bus driver?" He asked quietly. The Joker followed his move and the clown began to get irritated. "What bus driver?" He asked angrily. As if on cue, a bus crashed through the wall beside me, just missing me.

He got pushed over by the impact and died instantly. The Joker didn't even flinch as he watched the bus crash in. Another clown opened the back door of the bus and his voice sounded old and gruff when he spoke. "School's out. Time to go." He said shortly and hopped out of the bus, "That guys not getting up, is he?" He said, taking the bags that The Joker passed to him and placing them in the school bus. He grunted a few times after throwing them in and said: "That's a lot of money." _Well, obviously._ The Joker handed the final bag to the driver and looked around, searching for any more threats. "What happened to the rest of the guys?" The driver asked, as if just noticing. Instead of answering with words, The Joker shot him too. I laughed loudly and moved from my place.

The Joker went to get the last bag that he had just noticed on the other side of the room as I peered at the boss. He had been

unconscious for a while and was just starting to wake. He moved and watched the villain chuck the last bag in and move to get in. "You think you're smart, huh?" The Joker turned to look at the man dying on the floor. "The guy that hired youseâ€¦ he'll just do the same to you." He said, obviously in pain. The Joker didn't seem to appreciate conversation at that moment and walked over, a little irritated. The boss continued, "Oh, the criminals in this town used to believe in things. Honorâ€¦ respect!" He raised his head a little and then it back down. He was lying in what appeared to be an uncomfortable position. "Look at you, what do you believe in, huh? What do you believe in?" He shouted angrily. The Joker crouched in front of him and I sat myself in the doorway to the bus, watching curiously. The Joker stuffed something in his mouth, it looked like a bomb, and spoke once. "I believe whatever doesn't kill you simply makes youâ€¦" And he removed his mask, making the boss's eyes widen in terror, "Stranger." He smiled at the man and then moved away and it was then that I noticed the line connected from the bomb to the bus. The Joker walked over to me and cocked his head again and I got a good first look at his features. He had slightly greenish-brown hair and his makeup looked to be smudging. He had dark circles around his eyes and the red makeup on his mouth stretched up his cheeks, making the scars on them stand out. He looked terrifying but, dare I say it, handsome at the same time.

"You coming with me?" He asked. I shrugged.

>"Couldn't hurt." And I got up from my seat and walked into the bus without a glance back to the still shell-shocked man in the floor. I climbed over the multiple bags and went to stand at the front, beside the driver's seat. I hadn't yet found the time to get a driving lesson unfortunately. The Joker followed me and sat in the seat. He put his foot on the pedal and we drove out into a bunch of oncoming buses, leaving the boss moaning as smoke was emitted from the bomb in his mouth. A few police cars drove past us and I chuckled at their ignorance. Life seemed pretty good at the moment.<p>

"Nice place." I remarked as I walked around the warehouse. It was better than my 'house', that's for sure. I lived in a factory. Talk about style, huh? There were piles of boxes everywhere, no doubt stashed with guns, money and more guns. "Through there is the bathroom and over there is the kitchen. Make yourself at home." The Joker said as followed me in. I nodded and went to go and grab the money bags. I managed to hold three at a time and I walked back to the doorway. "Where do you want the bags?" I called.

>"Just put them to the side. We'll sort those out later." I heard from another room. I did as he said and got all of the bags at the side of the room. I stretched my now aching arms and walked to the kitchen. He told me to make myself at home so I figured I'd do just that. I found The Joker was throwing something nasty away and I shrugged it off. He didn't seem to have much company; just like me. I looked in the cupboards to see if there were any ingredients that I could use for a dinner of some kind. "Are you gonna come with me to meet with the Mob?" I heard from behind me. I peered back at him to find Joker leaning against the door jamb with his arms crossed, watching me with his head tilted forwards. His signature purple jacket was off now and I could see muscles inside of his shirt sleeves that were rolled up to his elbows. "Sure, sounds like fun." I replied and continued my search for something edible. I opened another cupboard and a bat flew out, nearly getting caught in my hair. I watched it fly away and then raised an eyebrow at Joker. He just looked at me sheepishly and I smirked. "Fancy something

spaghetti?" I asked upon finding some. He shrugged.
"Sure." He said shortly and then left the room. I nodded and busied myself cleaning up the surfaces and putting some hot water to boil.

I walked into the main room and expecting to find Joker in there. He wasn't. Hearing a noise in another room, I glanced in and found Joker grabbing a small playing card. He heard me behind him and looked up at me in the doorway. "I didn't really know what to call so I came looking instead. I take it I just call you Joker?" I said with an eyebrow raised. He smirked and stood up, following me to the kitchen. "Call me whatever you want." He replied. I nodded and decided Joker would have to do. I couldn't go around calling him 'Clown' or 'Chuckles' now could I? I handed him the plate with the food on it and sat on the counter, bringing one knee up to rest my hands on. "You're not having any?" He asked after noticing my own lack of meal. I shook my head.

>"I'm not that hungry. I've got a weird stomach. Haven't eaten for three days. Freaky, huh?" I said with a small smirk. He nodded and tried the spaghetti, sitting at the small circular table as he did so. He seemed to like it since he continued to eat it. As he did so, I stared into space in front of me. I really wanted to get to the Batman. Joker seemed to hate him as well though he enjoyed playing games with him as well. That's my kind of crime. And thenâ€¦ The Mayor would die too. "Ahem." I looked up at the sound and found the Joker peering at me like he did before dinner, his plate in the sink. He was looking at me rather intensely. I shrugged. "What?" He began scrubbing his plate, glancing up at me every now and then.
"You spaced out there. I said we're leaving for the Mob meeting now." I nodded and got off of the counter.

>"You'll find that I space out a lot." I said as I left the room.
"Aaaalrighty then."

"Rest assured; your money is safe." Joker winked at me inside of the cafeteria. He then began laughing eerily and I had the urge to do so as well. Instead of ruining his awesome entrance, I followed while cricking my knuckles threateningly. We came to a stop just before the table. "And I thought my jokes were bad." He said quietly, giving the television a funny look. One of the Mob with a purple suit of his own gritted his teeth.

>"Give me one reason why I shouldn't have my boy pull your head off." He said threateningly, gesturing to a very big guy. Joker didn't reply, instead he asked a question. "How about a magic trick?" He plunged a pencil into the table and I smirked, remaining silent. "I'm gonna make this pencil disappear." He made circling motions with his hand as he gestured to the pencil. The menacing man's 'boy' stood up and tried to apprehend Joker. It was simply not to be. Joker grabbed his head and smashed it onto the table. He slumped off of it and the pencil was still inside of the man's head. "Ta da! It's â€" It's gone." Joker finished with a small flourish, sitting down in an empty seat. I walked forwards a little, standing to the right of the chair. The Mob finally noticed me for the first time. I got some distasteful looks, some respectful looks (they must have heard who I was) and some plain gross looks. Joker cleared his throat and leaned forwards a little. "Now, if you would stop gawping at my partner here, we could do some business? Hmm?" The Mob's eyes immediately averted from my own smirking face and returned to Joker. Yes, things were going quite well.<p>

**So, chapter 2! Woo! This'll be a short story by the way. It's centred around the movie plot, obviously, and I'm finally getting

back to being motivated! Woo! Celebrations! Anywho, thank you to everyone who has favourited/added this story to their alerts! I'm very grateful! Please look at my other stories, unless they don't interest you. I tend not to read a story if it's not one I've heard of. Anywho, so you guys already know what I want you to do ;D Cheers folks.

>Luna

3. Meet The Gang

Joker looked up slowly and looked mostly at a large man with a ponytail and large beard/moustache. "Oh, and by the way, the suit, it wasn't cheap. You ought to know, you bought it." He said a little louder, making himself comfortable and fixing his jacket. He was very relaxed in this situation despite the mass of mobsters surrounding us. The man who's 'boy' just got killed began to stand angrily but the chubby man told him to sit. "I want to hear proposition." His English wasn't very good apparently. I noticed that Joker kept licking his lips. Not a nervous habit, more of a normal habit really. The makeup must dry his lips a lot. "Let's wind the clocks back a year. These cops and lawyers wouldn't _dare_ cross any of you. I meanâ€| what happened?" He asked sarcastically, "Did your balls drop off? Hm?" I managed to hold in a snicker and regained my composure. No one noticed. "You see, a guy like meâ€|" He was cut off by the mean man again.

>"-A freak." He said nastily.
"Damn right." Another mobster said. Joker seemed a little annoyed at the constant interruptions.

>"A guy like meâ€|"Look, listen. I know why you choose to have your little, ahemâ€|" He seemed to search for the right word and coughed a little, "â€| group therapy sessions in broad daylight. I know why you're afraid to go out at night." He licked his lips again for dramatic tension. "The Batman." He finished.<p>

The Mobsters finally seemed to gain interest and looked at him with more curiosity. "See, Batman has shown Gotham your true colours, unfortunately. Dent, he's just the beginning." I frowned for a moment. Dent? Who's Dent? I'd have to ask later. "And as for the television's so-called planâ€|" He accused with a pointed finger, "Batman has no jurisdiction." The guy on the television looked on offended. "He'll find him and make him squeal. I know the squealers when I see themâ€| andâ€|" He continued to point but didn't finish his sentence; it wasn't needed. The man turned off the camera and the television switched off. Fat guy spoke again. It would appear that he was the leader of the Mob. "What do you propose?" He asked, leaning back in his chair, finally becoming a little more relaxed. Something about Joker's aura seemed to be a little relaxing, even though he's a crazy maniac. "It's simple. We, uh, kill the Batman." He said whilst running a hand through his hair. All of the Mobsters, except the apparent leader, guffawed and scoffed. Another man spoke and I recognised him as a man I had previously read about in a newspaper. "If it's so simple, why haven't you done it already?" He sneered. Joker had a come-back however, and a pretty good one if you ask me.

>"If you're good at something, never do it for free." He replied, pointing a finger again. The leader seemed convinced.
"How much you want?" He asked, finally giving in. I hadn't expected Joker's next proposition. Bit silly really. Joker leaned forwards. "Uh, half. A quarter of it for me and a quarter for my partner." I was surprised that Joker had taken to be 'loyal' so quickly. Then again, I was here

to stay and I wasn't planning on leaving. I guess he wasn't planning on letting me. After all, I knew where his hideout was now. The mobsters burst out laughing at Joker's claim. I found it pretty stupid as well but laughing at Joker meant laughing at me. I slammed my knife down on the table, just missing one of the Mobster's hands. "Why don't you elaborate on what you find so incredibly funny?" I said loudly. All of the eyes were on me, including Joker's.

A moment of silence passed until Joker spoke again. "She's sexy when she's angry, isn't she?" He said with a sly grin. I smirked. "You don't wanna be on the receiving end of that knife, huh?" He asked the mobsters. Another mobster decided it was time to shut me up. He stood and cricked his knuckles. I heard Joker sigh in annoyance. "Why is it always violence?" He asked irritably. The mobster leaped at me and I slipped under his arms, stabbing the knife in the back of his neck when his weight was a disadvantage. He fell to the ground, above the other man, and died silently. Everyone was in awe, I'm proud to say. I was especially glad that Joker was impressed as well. "Anyone else?" I called out innocently. An audible gulp was all I heard. I smirked and nodded. "What a shame." I said and then went back to being strong and silent.

"You're crazy." The bully hissed. Joker peered at him.
>"No, I'm not." No, I'm not. If we don't deal with this now, soon little Gambol here won't be able to get a nickel for his grandma." So the bully had a name. Gambol slammed his hand down on the table and looked incredibly pissed off. "Enough from the clown!" He leaped out of his seat and started towards him. I stood so that I was now in front of Joker with my knife at the ready. "Ah, ta-ta-ta. Let's not blow." He opened one side of his jacket to reveal the bombs that he had asked me to strap in for him. One mobster whispered "Shit!" And Joker continued his sentence. "This out of proportion." He said with his hand up, the chord connected to the bomb was attached to his thumb. Gambol was still pissed off though.
>"You think you can steal from us and just walk away?" "Yeah." We both said simultaneously.
>"I'm putting the word out. Five hundred grand for this clown dead." He said dramatically, "A million alive, so I can teach him some manners first. Oh, and another five hundred for the little bodyguard. She could do with some fun before I rip her throat out." I didn't like where this was going and apparently, neither did Joker. He nodded and cleared his throat a little. "All right. So, listen, why don't you give me a call." He pulled out the playing card I had seen him using in his room, "when you wanna start taking things a little more seriously? Here's my card." He said and held it up, then placing it on the table. I noticed it was a Joker playing card.
How original. He made a few humming noises while accentuating the fact that he could blow everyone up at any time. Of course, I knew that the bomb was inactive. It was an empty threat. Good thing they didn't know. Gambol was seething, his nostrils flaring as well. We began backing away towards a different door to the one we had entered through. I held my dagger at the ready, silently daring anyone to make a move. We came to the door and Joker kicked the door behind him and we exited backwards. That could've gone better.

"So, what's next? Who do we get to kill now?" I asked, albeit a little eagerly as we drove back in a black car. He was driving, obviously, and I was lounging in the back seat. He peered at me in the rear-view mirror. "Well, you remember what the lovely man Gambol said about a bounty for both of us?" I nodded, "In a few days'

time, we're going to act on that. We're going to kill him to stop him from acting on anyâ€¦| _hard feelings_." He replied. I tilted my head a little.

>"Is this actually going to help the plot or are you just wanting to kill him for insulting you?"
"_Us_, Solace, _us_. _We_ are going to kill him because he insulted _us_. It'll be easy." He said with a few glances at me in the mirror again. I nodded began chewing on my lip.

>"So, basically, we play dead? Cos that sounds like fun." He cackled and moved his hair out of his eyes.
"Yes, we'll be playing dead. And thenâ€¦| the real fun begins." Dramatic or what?

"Ya know, when you said 'playing dead', I didn't expect this." I said while looking at the body bags in contempt. I had always hated them. I could scarcely breathe when I had gotten into one to test how much oxygen I had. "My bad. Now, get in." I sighed and lay back in the body bag. Our three assistants were conversing quietly, speaking about how was the best way to appear casual yet deadly. I rolled my eyes and slipped my arms in beside me. Joker crouched beside me and began zipping up the bag. "If I suffocate, I'll see you in hell, I'm sure." I remarked as the zip came to a stop at the base of my collarbone. He grinned maliciously.

>"I'm counting on it." And he put the bag over my head.<p>

"Yo, Gambol, somebody here for you." I heard from the next room, "They say they've just killed the Joker and his partner." Another voice began.

>"They brought the bodies." Show time. I felt myself being picked up by one pair of strong arms. I was a bit of a light-weight. They set me down on what felt like a pool table and not long afterwards, I felt Joker being set down beside me. A rustle or two and the bag on me own head came off. I remained still and motionless, not breathing and keeping my eyes shut. Gambol seemed satisfied and moved away to the foot of the table. "So, dead, that's five hundred." I heard him say. _That's my cue._ I sat up quickly and stabbed the guy on my right as Joker did the guy on his left. Gambol spun around but was met with a knife pressed to his mouth and another knife pressed against his jugular. "How about alive? Hm?" Joker asked sarcastically. Our assistants disarmed the other men in the room and held guns to their heads. Nice and smooth. Joker leaned in to Gambol's ear and whispered: "You wanna know how I got these scars?" He leaned back and seemed to be searching for a memory. His eyes returned to Gambol's as he spoke again. "My father wasâ€¦| a drinkerâ€¦| and a fiend. And one night, he goes off _crazier_ than usual. Mommy gets the kitchen knife to defend herself. He doesn't like thatâ€¦| Not. One. Bit." He said menacingly. I swallowed inwardly. "So, me watchingâ€¦| he takes the knife to her, laughing while he does it. He turns to me and he says: 'Why so serious?'" He said the quote in a gruff, slightly evil voice, "He comes at me with the knife 'Why so serious?'â€¦| He sticks the blade in my mouth. 'Let's put a _smile_ on that face.' Andâ€¦|" I was expecting him to say 'Why so serious?' again but no. Instead he turned to me. "Your turn, dollface." I raised an eyebrow at his new pet name for me, "Tell him why you wear the mask all the time." He said, as though curious himself. I smirked and then looked at Gambol, his terrified gaze now trained on me.

"My twin sisterâ€¦| She was a murderer." I started with the same sort of beginning as Joker, "We were only 10 when she killed our younger sister, Kayleigh. We were 11 when my parents began to deny me as a

daughter. We were 12 when she killed our family." I leaned in a little closer, "Tell me how that isn't scarring." He said nothing and I felt Joker glance at me quite a few times. "That's only the _emotional_ scarring. I was a criminal from then on. Robbing small-time shops, et cetera. I had a cousin who looked out for me. When sheâ€¦ disappeared, let's sayâ€¦ Everything went from badâ€¦ to shit. I met the Batman a few times. That was annoying. Eventually, I decided to get a job." I continued, tilting my head as I remembered just a few months ago when this had happened to me. "I worked in a quaint little tea shop of all places. Disgusting, I know. I was on the second floor when the fire broke out." Now Joker's gaze was constantly on me as I glared at Gambol. "Batman came and saved everyone. Everyone except me. Oh, he-he saw me alright. But he saved someone else instead. The building collapsed mere seconds after he leaped out. My face, particularly the space around my eyes, is marred with scars. Just like the rest of my body and mind. Now, tell me how _that_ isn't scarring." I whispered the last bit lowly. Gambol whimpered and Joker's gaze finally returned to his. He then looked at one of the men on the floor with a gun to his head. I looked at the other man. We both said simultaneously: "Why so serious?" and "Tell me how that isn't scarring?" And with that, we sliced the man's mouth and neck open.

The man crumpled and we pulled the bags off of us. Joker was wearing a different suit but it was still purple. I was wearing a similar outfit; an aubergine shirt with trousers and boots. I was also wearing a black satin waistcoat. "No, our operation is small but there is a lot of potential for aggressive expansion." He said as he strode around the table, looking at the other pool tables in the bar. He grabbed a pool cue and then returned to stand beside me. "So, which of you fine gentlemen would like to join our team?" I asked. Joker continued my sentence. "Oh, there's only one spot open right now, so we're gonna haveâ€¦" He snapped the pool cue in half, inspecting the sharpness, "â€¦tryouts." He looked at both of the cues and then dropped one in between the three men still on their knees. He nodded to me and we walked out of the room between them. As we exited the room, Joker whispered: "Make it fast." And the three men were released.

"You're rightâ€¦ That _was_ fun." I said with a smile as we got into the car again. I got in the back again and he returned to the steering wheel. "Of course it was fun. Killing people and getting what you want _is_ fun." He remarked and put the car into gear. I began chewing on my lip again.

>"Why do you chew on your lip all of the time?" I peered again at the mirror and found him watching me intensely.

>"Why do you lick your lips all of the time?" I countered. He pursed his lips and then licked them again. "I blame the makeup." He replied, "What's your come-back?" I pursed my lip as well, searching for a good one. Nothing came to mind.

>"Got nothing?" He asked with a little smirk an eyebrow raised, "What a shame. I was looking forward to the excuse." I rolled my eyes and lay down in the seat.
"Wake me when we get home?" I said with my eyes already closed, only realizing I said 'home' when I woke.

>"Sure thing, dollface."<p>

Nothing in the cupboards. Nothing! I rolled my eyes and closed the fridge after a search there as well. I was craving ice cream and I

didn't care who knew it. "Joker! We don't have any ice cream!" I shouted.

>"Not my problem." I heard him call from the next room. I rolled my eyes again and walked in.
"I _really_ need some ice cream!" I whined. He looked up from the bomb he was making. I saw that was made from an ice cream tub. I cocked an eyebrow. He just looked at me sheepishly and continued to work on the tub-bomb. I sighed dramatically and went to my own room. It had originally been the 'torture' room. I was just about to open the door when Joker shouted at me.

>"No! Doâ€| not open that door." He said as he quickly blocked it with his body. I raised an eyebrow.
"â€| Why not? That's my room now." I reasoned. He shook his head.

>"It's not your room at the moment." He said with a little grunt. I narrowed my eyes.
"Who has my room?" I asked threateningly. He chuckled nervously.

>"Justâ€| a friend." Blatant lie. I grabbed his shoulders and moved him out of the way. He wasn't that heavy but he didn't move very far. I slammed open the door and I found a man in a batman suit tied to a chair. My furniture, or what little I had, had been moved to the corner closest to the door. I looked back at now guilty Joker. "You gave my room to him?"<p>

**So, I'm pretty happy with this. I'm trying to make things a little more casual between them. Also, did you guys notice the little bits of anger from Joker when people gawped at Solace and when they threatened her? Good good. ;) I liked the bit where he said she was sexy when she was mad. It won't be as citrus as my Sherlock fic, obviously, but it'll be a little flirty; not too much. Anywho, hope you enjoyed. Cheers folks.

>Luna

4. There's NEARLY Murder On The Dancefloor

"Alright, and while I'm out, don't blow up the fridge again. That's the third one this fortnight." I reprimanded as I left the building.

>"Darn. How can you possibly read my mind?" I heard behind me. I looked back and found him leaving the building as well. I frowned.
"Well, I like to think I know your actions pretty well. Why are you out here too?" I asked curiously. He shrugged his jacket on and then handed me my own, just as I remembered that I wasn't wearing it. I nodded my thanks and waited for his answer. "You can't drive, remember?" I inhaled as I realized that I had forgotten that one minor detail. "Darn." I said. He grinned, winked and then opened the back doors to the van. I cocked an eyebrow at his chivalry and stepped inside. He closed the door behind me and a few seconds later he got into the driver's seat. He winked at me again in the mirror and we set off to our destination. Maybe not being able to drive wasn't so bad.

"Okay, so I just drop him and we're done?" I asked, a little unsure. It was so simple. Joker shook his head from his spot looking over the edge. "No, we stay and watch the panic." He replied. I nodded and pulled the man in the suit over the edge. We had killed him long before we set out. The video would be presented on the news and everyone would know that we're serious. We both knew that we'd end up in jail in a little while. At least, very soon. But this was just too good a chance to miss. Joker nodded and I nodded back. Then I pushed

him over the edge, securing the rope to a pipe. A satisfying bang was made when he hit the glass where Dent and the Mayor were. Joker had told me about Dent and I disliked him already. Gotham's 'White Knight'. Psh, how original. I grabbed my knife from the floor and cut the rope, a man on a floor below us catching it and then gently lowering it down to another man and another. There were crowds of people, journalists, photographers, cops, everyone was standing around the dead man. The small note that we had secured to the fake's chest was probably being read by the cops now. 'Will the real Batman please stand up?' Some people looked up and we took that as our cue to leave.

We sat back in the couch. I had gotten the ice cream that I craved and Joker was lounging beside me with a spoon of his own in case he got peckish. The news was on and the video had just begun. "Tell them your name." We heard Joker say in the recording. The man was sitting in the chair with his hands tied behind his back. You wouldn't be able to tell that that room was supposed to be my room. You could see me standing behind the man with a knife next to his neck. I had a deadly smirk on and it frightened even me. I didn't realize that I looked so threatening. The man murmured his name as Brian Douglas. We heard Joker laughing and I couldn't help chuckle quietly too. "Are you the real Batman?" Joker whispered on the news.

>"No!"
"No?" Joker began chuckling on the news again and I couldn't help but laugh now at how ridiculous Brian looked. "Then why do you dress up like him?" He took the mask off of Brian and he began twirling the mask in front of the camera. I laughed. "I love that part." I murmured with a little grin. Brian continued to speak. I had to hand it to him; Brian was brave even though he knew he would die. "Because he's a symbol that we don't have to be afraid of scum like you." He said defiantly. Joker began sort of stroking his face as I smirked even more on the video. "Yeah. You do, Brian. You really do." Joker said maliciously. He began shushing Brian again when Brian looked like he was going to whimper. This was when I piped up in the recording.

>"So you think Batman's made Gotham a better place? Hm?" I was circling him, a knife still trained on him. The camera that Joker was holding followed me as circled him like a predator. Joker, in reality, smirked and gave me a high five. Brian refused to answer or look at me. "Look at me." I ordered. He still didn't.
"Look at her!" Joker roared. He finally looked up at me. The camera saw me smile and it even gave Joker and I some shivers. I terrified even myself, what's up with that? The camera then switched so that I was holding it and Joker was on the screen. "You see, this is how crazy Batman's made Gotham. You want order in Gotham?" Batman must take off his mask and turn himself in." And then he remembered one of the vital pieces of information we had to tell Gotham, "Oh, and every day he doesn't, people will die. Starting tonight." Joker was a little bit out of breath from the excitement and I chuckled. "I'm a man of my word." And then he burst out into manic cackling. We heard me laughing in the background as well and then we burst out laughing in reality. Brian began screaming in there as well and I grinned. "This is where it gets fun." I remarked, tucking into my ice cream. He leaned over quickly and grabbed a spoonful. I rolled my eyes and ate a bit. I immediately regretted it. "Gah, brain freeze!" I shouted, clutching at my head. Joker laughed at me and I glared at him, rushing to the bathroom so that I could have a hot shower. When I have brain freeze, it tends to linger.

"You can't make me, Joker. I swear, there is no way that I am going!" I exclaimed. He rolled his eyes.
>"Look, dollface, if we pull this off, we're off to jail and then everything falls into place." He said. I groaned loudly and looked at the dress that was sitting on the chair, untouched. Bruce Wayne was having a party. I wasn't invited. I was going to subtly gate-crash. Enter undetected. I sighed in defeat and picked up the dress. "You'd best be ready for a lot of sulking." I remarked as I walked off to my room.<p>

"You'll do great, dollface. Now, let's put a smile on that face." I rolled my eyes at that lie again. I had already figured out that his scars were not due to an abusive father. He lied every time. "I want to wear my mask." Joker shook his head and pursed his lips.
>"No can do. Wouldn't want anyone recognising you, would we?" I rolled my eyes again and sat back in the back of the car. It was a car this time. Joker decided that I would arrive in style so that it could be more believable that I was a friend of Bruce Wayne. I looked out of the window, trying to ignore the glances that Joker would give me every few seconds. I hated dresses. I looked down at my dress and began pulling at the flimsy fabric, picking for any excuse for me not to wear it. Unfortunately, I found none. It was a very nice dress actually. It was purple, of course, with a deep green satin bow. Trust Joker to pick those colours. The car stopped and I looked up. I was at Wayne Enterprise. "Do me proud, dollface." He said as I got out of the car. I nodded and went to walk up the steps. "Oh, and Solace." I looked back to find he had a hat on dipped very low so that no one would recognise him. "You look gorgeous." And then he drove off.<p>

"What are you doing?" I heard from a room down the hall. I had slipped away from the party to gain any information. I peered around the corner, sadly without a mask on but plenty of makeup, and found Dent in a headlock with Dent's love interest, Rachel Dawes, watching wide-eyed. I finally recognised the man who had Harvey in a headlock as Bruce Wayne, the host. "They've come for him." I heard and I gulped. They knew already? I quickly walked back to the party and began to mingle with the crowd. When Joker walked in, I'd have to be ready to defend him, even if he had a load of body guards. I turned to lift just in time to see a man get pushed over and Joker holding a shotgun. "We made it." He shot the gun and began walking forwards, daring anyone to try and apprehend him. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen." He dropped the shotgun having gotten bored of it and I noticed that the green dye in his hair was beginning to wear out; the top of his scalp was brown and only half of his hair was green. "We are tonight's entertainment." He picked up a small prawn on a popsicle and then began chewing on it. "I only have one question: Where is Harvey Dent?" He looked around, waiting for an answer. He appeared to have picked up the shotgun again and began pointing it casually at the guests. He grabbed a glass, tipped the liquid out of it and then drunk from it, placing the glass down again. "You know where Harvey is? You know who he is?" He lightly slapped a woman on the shoulder. He then moved onto a balding man and held the man's chin. "Do you know where I can find Harvey? I need to talk to him about something. Just something little, huh? No." He continued to look for other people to interrogate. He came to an old man with glasses. "You know, I'll settle for his loved ones."
>"We're not intimidated by thugs." The man said bravely, his voice not shaking. Joker narrowed his eyes and he ate something else. "You knowâ€¦ You remind me of my fatherâ€¦" Uh oh. "I hated my

father." He grabbed the man and put a knife to his mouth. That was my cue, as we discussed. Time to play innocent guest. "Okay, stop."

I stepped forwards with my hands on my hips. Joker looked up at me and I saw him nearly wink at me. I managed to maintain my role, just. "Well, hello, beautiful." I swallowed as he began fixing his hair. _It's just an act, Solace. Just an act. Remember that. Don't get excited. Wait, excited? What the fâ€¦_ "I've never seen you before. Where've you been hiding?" He said with a little smirk.
>"I've been around." I said with my arms crossed. He was approaching me and now he was standing in front of me. "And you are beautiful." He began circling me and it was a little frightening actually. He had his blade out still. He leaned in a little. "You look nervous. Is it the scars?" He asked, gesturing to the scars on his cheeks. "You wanna know how I got them?" I gulped, keeping the character. He then grabbed my neck and put the blade right near my mouth. I twisted a little, things getting a little close. "Come here. Hey." He said as I writhed limply. "Look at me." He whispered, licking his lips again. I was trapped in his grip. "So I had a wife. She was beautiful, like youâ€¦ Who tells me I worry too muchâ€¦ who tells me I ought to smile moreâ€¦ who gambles and gets in deep with the sharks. Hey." I had tried moving again and he put the blade very near to my mouth. "One day they carve her face. And we have no money for surgeries. She can't take it." I had begun to get a little caught up in the lie he had spun and I stared into his eyes. "I just wanna see her smile again. Hm? I just want her to know that I don't care about the scars." He was using the sympathy lie and damn, by the looks of people giving him, he was getting it. "Soâ€¦ I stick a razor in my mouth and do thisâ€¦" He grinned and showed me the scars again. "â€¦ To myself. And you know what?" I actually found myself asking what, "She can't stand the sight of me. She leaves. Now I see the funny side. Now, I'm always smiling." He pulled back, smiling again. I quickly punched him in the gut. That wasn't part of the plan but I liked to improvise. Besides, I'd never punched an ultra-villain before. He burst out laughing, a little wheezily though, and then straightened up. "You got a little fight in you. I like that." And then the raspy voice that once haunted my dreams spoke. "Then you're gonna love me."

Batman punched the Joker away from me and I stepped back, part of me wanting to shout at Batman and another wanting to see if Joker was okay. Batman begun beating up the thugs and I made my way subtly over to Joker. No one seemed to notice, not now Batman was here. I knelt down a little. "You okay?"

>"Mhm. You didn't have to punch me though." He said with a little glare. I winked.
"It was convincing, no?" He grinned and then got up. He got one of his other thugs to help him take down the Batman and he kicked him in the chest. Joker went to do so again but Batman hit his knee. Joker went unfazed and I noticed a little blade stick out from the toe of his shoe. He kicked Batman in the stomach and he yelled. Joker went to go punch him again but Batman managed to push him to the floor. Our initial plan was for Joker to take me as hostage again and then throw me out of the window. I had moved right into the spot that I was supposed to be in. Joker grabbed the gun and scrambled to his feet. He took one look at me and in his eyes, I saw that there was a little doubt. I frowned and willed him to continue with my own eyes. He shook his slightly and instead grabbed Rachel Dawes, Harvey's 'squeeze'. Batman finished beating up the final thug and looked at Joker.

>"Drop the gun." He threatened. Joker grinned at him.
"Oh, sure.

You just take off your little mask and show us all who you really are. Hm?" And he shot the glass behind them. He then pushed Rachel out just enough so that it was only Joker who was holding her up. "Now, I think my assistant and I shall be going." He said with a little smirk and I walked to his side with a smirk of my own. Everyone gasped in horror and Batman looked at me, a small glint of betrayal? What the fuck? "Let her go." Batman said, referring to Dawes. Joker then looked back at Batman with a disapproving look on his face. "Very poor choice of words." He laughed and let her go, just as Batman requested. He leaped out of the ex-window and we grinned at each other.

I stabbed the man in the neck and watched him slump forwards. Killing them was too easy. "Very good, dollface. Now, we're going to add a little personal touch to them." I cocked an eyebrow as Joker entered the room.

>"We're going to put makeup on them and put little Joker cards on them again?" He stood still for moment and then groaned lowly. "I hate it when you know exactly what I'm going to do." He grumbled.
"It's because you do it every time, dearest." We had gotten into the habit of calling each other 'dearest' and 'honey'. Of course, he preferred dollface to all of them. "You do Dent, I'll do Harvey." I said, already getting the makeup out. He sighed and began to apply the makeup to Richard Dent as I did so to Patrick Harvey. Suddenly, Joker began chuckling. I frowned and looked at him. "What's so funny?" I asked.

>"I meant what I said at Wayne Enterprise, ya know." He said matter-of-factly but not looking at me.
"What? You said a number of things but what exactly did you say in this case?" I asked, still not following.

>"That you were beautiful." He elaborated. My breath hitched and I looked at him. He still wasn't looking at me and I got the idea that he was a little embarrassed. He finished working on Dent and he put a bunch of Joker cards in his hands. He then began to draw on the newspaper we brought. I smirked. "That'sâ€¦ No one's ever said that to me before. The scars and the mask are just too much for some people." I replied, trying not to appear too shell-shocked. Joker leaned back so that I could see what he had drawn. He had doodled the signature Joker makeup on an image of the Mayor. I grinned. "He's our next target?" He nodded and then placed it carefully on the table again. I decided to be extra bold and leaned in to kiss his cheek. "Thanks for the comments." And I walked out of the room leaving a very shocked clown.<p>

**Oh my god! You see the first signs of affection! Woot woot! This is very fun to write actually. I have to be watching the film in order to be addicted. XD Anywho, hope you liked that. I'm finding it very fun. Thanks for reviews. Cheers folks.
>Luna

5. So Close Yet So Far

"Jokerâ€¦" I groaned from the couch. I didn't get a reply. My stomach had been feeling awful for a few hours now and it was getting worse. I swallowed down some excess bile that was threatening to upchuck and rolled over onto my stomach. "Joker!" I called a little louder. I heard a sigh and he leaned against the door frame of his room again, no jacket on. "What is it, Solace? I'm working on the plan for the Mayor." He said with his arms crossed again. I groaned.

>"I feel like complete and utter shit." I grumbled and looked at him with half closed eyes.
"So? Am I supposed to rub your stomach and make you feel better?" He asked with an amused glimmer in his dark eyes. I opened my mouth to speak but I quickly closed it again. I got to my knees and sprinted to the bathroom. Joker watched on in confusion and followed me to the bathroom quickly. Emptying the contents of my mouth and stomach into the bathroom, I felt Joker rub soothing circles on my back. "Ugh, I hate being sick." I moaned again. I heard him chuckle a little and then I began retching once more. He held my hair up for me as I vomited again and again and again. Eventually, my body had gotten rid of all of the fluids and I collapsed next to the bath. "What the fuck is wrong with me _now_?" I whispered in exasperation. I felt some tissue dab at my mouth and I hated to think how unattractive I looked at that moment. Hair no doubt in a mess, sick all over my mouth and sweat pouring down my face. "Sh, sh, sh, shhhâ€|" He said softly and picked me up gently. I opened my eyes just long enough to see Joker's bedroom door open and I was placed on his bed. My room got exceptionally warm at night so that would not help. I smiled a little at his bed covers; purple and green. "I'll get you some soup and an aspirin when you get up." I nodded and turned over.

>"Thank you." I whispered and I fell asleep.<p>

I woke up with a sheen of sweat upon me and a scream tearing its way through my throat. Footsteps were approaching the door quickly but I paid them no heed. I began to hyperventilate, piecing the dream together. _I was runningâ€| Then I fellâ€| A vat of soup?... Raspy voiceâ€| Joker die- OH MY GOD._ I screamed again, finally remembering the horror of my dream. The door burst open and Joker ran in, a knife in his hand and a determined look in his eyes. I put my hand up and finally got my breath under control. "It's okayâ€| Justâ€| bad dream." I whispered. He seemed a little reassured and put his knife away. He sat down beside me on the bed and watched me as I tried to forget the dream. "You've been out forâ€| three days now. Daddy's been worried 'bout you." He said, getting a little smile from me.

>"Three days? Wow, that's a bitâ€| long." I began to chew on my lip, "I didn't mess up any plans, did I?" That idea scared me. If I messed up our best shot at Batman, I would go insane. However, Joker shook his head. "No, no, you didn't. Our best attempt would be in two days but if you're not wellâ€|" I held my hand up again.
"No, we'll do it even if I'm ill or having nightmares or whatever shit is happening. This is the perfect opportunity and I'm not going to blow it." I said with determination. Joker watched me a little longer and then smiled.

>"You're a little bit determined, huh?" I smirked.

>"It's not every day one gets to kill the Mayor, huh?"
"No, it most _certainly_ isn't."

I was feeling loads better the very next day. Now, it was the morning of our assassination. We didn't have a doubt though, that someone would try and save him. They'd probably be victorious but this would create the scare we really wanted. Footsteps approached me and I looked up. Joker was dressed in a marcher's suit for the parade. His face still resembled that of a demonic clown but his hair was brown, no traces of green in it. He didn't have the gun to use in the routine; he'd steal it off of the guy whom he was taking the place of. "You _are_ going to take that makeup off, right?" I asked with an eyebrow raised. He rolled his eyes and nodded then sighed.

>"You'll be the first person in years to see me without my makeup

on." He said matter-of-factly. I tilted my head.
"I'm glad that you trust me enough to show me your face." He nodded and then walked to the bathroom. I heard the tap gush and I also heard scrubbing. I smirked and crept over to the door. I opened it a little and found that Joker had washed off one half of his face. He looked up and then our eyes locked in the mirror. I realized that I wasn't wearing my mask. He looked at me, a little reluctantly, as if asking whether he really had to remove the makeup. I nodded and he sighed. He then bent over and began scrubbing at the other side. I chewed on my lip, almost frightened of what the Joker could look like without his war paint on. He finally grabbed a towel and dried his face. He looked up and I was frozen.

He was handsome. No denying it whatsoever. The scars made no difference in my opinion. His dark eyes watched me, as though aching for a reply of some kind. His mouth was small compared to how big the red grease had made it look. He had high-ish cheekbones and I couldn't help but think of all of the things I could do to this man's face. I gulped and I realized I was not only staring at him, but he was staring at me. It was now that I wished that I hadn't revealed my face at Wayne's party. It would have been a lot easier. "Soâ€¦ how do I look?" He asked nervously, throwing his hands up a little. I swallowed and then regained my composure. "Sexy, if you ask me." I smirked and walked out. It's so fun to leave a homicidal maniac hanging.

I was sitting on a window sill with the window open, right next to one of the gunmen assigned to protect the Mayor. I had chosen that window so that I could remove suspicion from myself. "So, is this Joker guy really going to show up?" I asked in what I hoped was a disbelieving tone.

>"We don't know, ma'am. That's why we're all on the lookout." I nodded and looked at the window opposite. I saw some legs moving under the blind and I knew that Batman had fallen for it. I quickly pointed at the window. "Sir, I swear I just saw movement in that room." The man looked at the window and squinted his eyes behind his sunglasses.
"Are you sure, ma'am?" He asked suspiciously. I nodded fervently and pointed again to the window. The timer would go off any second and then Joker and the men we hired would fire.

>"Stand by. Honour guard." I heard a man say loudly on the street. The part was coming up. I nearly grinned to myself. Instead I squirmed, making it look like I wanted a better look. "Attention. Port arms." The guns were raised, "Ready! Aim! Fire!" They shot into the sky. "Ready! Aim!" The blind snapped up and a man who was too far away for me to identify was standing looking in the binoculars. The gunman beside me shot the figure immediately, as did all of the other men. The general started again with his routine. "Ready! Aim!" Just before he could say 'Fire!', all of the men on the ground turned and shot at the Mayor. A man who I recognised as Detective Gordon leaped in front of him, getting shot in the process. I felt no concern for it and watched as our men ran about. One man, the man with the tag saying 'Rachel Dawes', was caught and shot in the leg. He was loaded into a van. I disappeared from the window and ran down the stairs.<p>

The car we used for the party was waiting and quickly glanced inside to see the driver was Joker, his face still bare but his hat was off. He winked and I grinned, getting into the back. "So, what's next, Mr Joker?" He grinned at me in the mirror.

>"Sooner or later, our lovely pal Harvey Dent is going to

cave. He'll end up claiming that he is the Batman." I tilted my head.

>"Do you not think so?" His eyes flickered to mine again.
"I'm waiting for his confession."

"Oh come on, let me come! Just this once!" I whined, grabbing onto Joker's waist as he got up from his seat. He rolled his eyes and looked down at me. "No means no, Solace. You've gotta take some responsibility every now and then." I groaned dramatically.

>"I don't wanna! Come on, this'll be really fun!" I begged, staring at him with puppy eyes. He watched me intensely and sighed.

>"Fine. But if you die, I'm not gonna be happy." I grinned, deciding to turn it into a game.
"Oh? And what would you be if I died? If you're not happy, what would you be?" I asked curiously. He pursed his lips and then licked them.

>"I would beâ€| very unhappy." He replied after mulling over his thoughts. I raised an eyebrow.

>"Is that it? Unhappy? Come on, you can do better than that." I taunted.

>"What would you want? You want me to jump off of a building or something like that?" I slowly began to smile widely and then put a finger to my mouth, as though thinking. "Now there's an ideaâ€|"
"Oh, please, God, noâ€|" I burst out laughing and then loosened my grip on Joker's waist, just realizing that I had still been clutching it. "We're heading out now, by the way." I nodded and pulled my shoes on since I had dumped them in front of me when I flopped on the couch.

"Hello, sir. Would you mind terribly if my friend and I got a lift from you?" I asked the old man politely. I had the mask off, makeup on, and Joker was standing with his head down behind me. The old man was driving a large truck and that was precisely what we needed. His tipped his hat and nodded, opening the door on the other side. I thanked him and led Joker to the other side by his hand since he couldn't look up just yet. I stepped in and frowned. Only one seat; this could be a problem. I looked back at Joker and he winked at me since I was now obscuring the view of the old man. I looked back at the man. "Oh, there was one thing I forgot to mention." I said and whipped my knife to his neck. He flinched but his face remained indifferent. "This is a high-jacking. You've got The Joker and The Actor in your truck right now. You'd better do everything we tell you orâ€| well, let's not get into the details." He nodded and gulped, betraying his true emotions. I smiled at Joker and he winked again, hopping in after me. I didn't sit down; I would just perch myself on Joker. He wouldn't mindâ€| He sat immediately and rather than me sitting of my own accord, he yanked me down onto his lap and passed me a shotgun. "Nice." I commented as I inspected it. I put my mask on quickly and it wasn't long before we were stopped in traffic.

The truck horn blared as though it was demanding attention. A police officer walked around the front of the truck. I looked at the old man. "Your time to shine." I said with a smirk. He looked back out of the window and police officer knocked on the window. "Hey, you wait like everybody else, pal." I cocked the shotgun quickly and reached forwards, blowing the officer's face off. I slowly pulled back and cocked the gun again and sat back into Joker's lap. "Very nice." Joker purred in my ear. I smirked and I nodded at the old man. "You did burn that truck, right?" I asked Joker. He nodded and put a

pistol into my pocket.

>"Just in case, dollface." And then he cackled because of his rhyme. I chuckled and leaned back a little. I nodded at the old man beside me again and he drove off, heading for Lower Fifth. Joker held something out in front of me and I saw it was a walkie talkie. "For signalling the others?" I asked as I took it from him. He nodded again and I turned it on. "Lower Fifth, I repeat, Lower Fifth." I said into the device.
"Got it." A voice I didn't recognise replied and the signal cut.

>"So, that'll be the garbage truck who'll get hit a few police cars or something like that and then we'll pop out of the ground and bust one of them into the river. Right?" I recited from our plotting beforehand.
"This is going to be fun." Joker said and I saw his grin in the mirror again. We were now on Lower Fifth and I noticed that up ahead, the group of SWAT vans were driving down quickly. "Now!" I shouted at the old man and he accelerated, smashing one of the vans into the river, just like we planned. I whooped in excitement and grabbed the dashboard so as not to get tossed around too much. "Time to get in the back." Joker said and pulled me back into the cab. We had already stationed men in there with guns needed for the assault. We had also spray-painted an S on the side of van in front of 'laughter'. "Say hello to the cops, boys." I shouted as I pulled the side back. I grabbed onto a rung that enabled me to stand without falling out of the vehicle.

I stood beside Joker and used my FMG that was stored in a box in the back. I shot at the van in the front, now that we had pulverised the first. My ammo ran out and it seemed that Joker's had as well. I held my hand out for another gun since I couldn't be bothered to reload. I looked back at the thug in a clown mask. "Dude, get me a gun!" I shouted over the noise. I heard the thug scoff.

>"Or what? I take orders from the clown, not some insecure teen." He sneered. I narrowed my eyes and kicked him in balls. He groaned in pain.
"Or I aim the kick to your face next time, making you fall out of the truck, smashing your pretty little brains all over the tarmac. NOW GET ME A FUCKING GUN!" He nodded and handed me a shotgun.

>"Now that's more like it." I said with a grin.
"She's sexy when she's angry, isn't she?" I rolled my eyes at the Joker as I took aim.

>"You said that at the Mobster's meeting too." I winked at him and shot at the van again. Joker's gun ran out again and he nodded at the man beside him. The man handed him a giant of a gun, a missile launcher of some sort. This was just the sort of thing needed to get through an armoured truck like that. He fired it and it blew the back of a police car. "Now that's what I'm talking about." I murmured, obviously getting a high off everything. One of the men handed Joker another missile and he reloaded it quickly. He then shot the police car again and this time, the car went flying and twisted around. I screamed in delight but it didn't last for long. A loud revving engine cut off my joy and Joker and I peered out of the side. Batman's car was heading straight towards us, like a heavily armoured bullet.<p>

The SWAT van just missed the car and instead, it hit the garbage truck on our side. I rolled my eyes. Joker merely said "Hmm." And then began reloading his guns again. That had confirmed it. Harvey Dent was not Batman. He had us fooled for a little while after his little confession at the conference but now the truth was out. Batman was still out to get us and Dent was supposedly innocent. The SWAT

van began to accelerate away and I screamed at the driver to step on it. The truck shot forwards and I fell backwards a little. Adrenaline pumping through my system, I watched as Joker got another missile. We ended up driving just ahead of the SWAT van and I could now see the terror in the driver's eyes. I laughed and shot a few pistol rounds at the glass, shooting the shoulder of the guy next to the driver. Just as Joker was about to shoot the van, the truck went over some sort of bump and we jolted, Joker falling awkwardly on me. "Ouch, yeah, I like you and stuff, Joker, but this was a little fast." I joked. He cackled and managed to sit up, pulling me up too. He once again aimed very carefully at the van, waiting for the opportune moment. Unfortunately, the opportune moment was ruined because Batman thought it would be a bright idea to jump over the car and his car took the hit instead. We went through a wall or two and the Batmobile and the SWAT van disappeared from view for a few moments. "Owâ€¦" I whimpered as I felt something sticking into my shoulder. I looked at it to find my own knife, that I always kept in my sleeve, had fallen out in the excitement and was lying on the floor when I fell on it. It decided that now would be the best time to stab me through the shoulder.

I sat up as we came to a stop; the driver hadn't survived the impact and died. Prodding a knife in your shoulder isn't the best thing to do, I can tell you that. "Everyone okay?" I asked as I tried to ignore the blade protruding from my shoulder. I got a few grunts and Joker turned around with the widest grin possible. "I found that simply _invigorating._" He said and then his eyes set on the blade in my shoulder. He grunted as he moved closer, moving my body this way and that to get a better look at the damage. He whistled lowly. "That's gonna hurt in the morning."
>"Ugh, that's usually the worst part as well." I groaned and grabbed the dagger. I tried to rip it out but my muscles seemed intent on screaming at me to stop. "Fucking musclesâ€¦" I grumbled quietly and finally managed to move the knife a little. "That's going to hurt a lot." Joker said with a little smile though I could see the blatant concern in his eyes.
>"Ha, you're telling me." And with that, I ripped the knife out. And let me tell you now, it hurt like a bitch.<p>

**Hehe, I like the last line. So, how's that? I've managed to do more with this story in just two days! Holy crap! I'm on a roll! So, as soon as this is completed, I'm going to continue with my Sherlock fic, then after that the Infinite Probability. I'm working on an ALTAIR/OBLIVION one as well! :D Hope you liked it! Cheers folks.

>Luna

6. Right At The Inopportune Moment

"Okay, just settle down _there_ and you'll be just fine." Joker said as he put me into the passenger seat. I was clutching my shoulder, blood pouring through. Joker then opened the driver's door. "Harvey, Harvey, Harvey Dent." He said as he moved the body, "Oh, excuse me. I wanna drive." And he tossed the dead body of the driver unceremoniously onto the tarmac. I grinned, even though the pain was unbearable, and groaned for a moment. "I expect treatment when we get back home." I grumbled, only noticing a few moments afterwards I said 'home'. Joker looked at me with a glint in his eye. "Oh? What _kind_ of treatment?" He said with a little wink. I scoffed and pushed him

with me left elbow, my good arm, and then winced because it had meant moving my hand off of my injured shoulder. "Ready?" He asked with his foot ready to slam onto the pedal. I grinned.
>"Always." And he slam the pedal he did.<p>

"I like this job. I like it." I laughed loudly.
>"You and me both, Joker." I shouted over the din. We were driving after the remained SWAT van which no doubt held Harvey Dent in it. We rounded a corner and I noticed the helicopters pursuing us. "Shit, this isn't gonna end well." I cursed. We continued to drive down the road and then Joker asked for the walkie talkie. I handed it to him from my pocket, wincing again, and then placed my hand back on the bleeding gash. "Okay, rack them up. Rack them up, rack them up, rack them up." This was going to be good. I saw something vaguely fly across the sky and I knew it was wires. I watched with glee as the helicopter flew right into the trap and spiralled down, resulting in a large explosion. Joker burst out laughing and slapped his hands on the wheel. I pinched the bridge of my nose so that I wouldn't laugh just as maniacally as Joker was now. He was doing a little giggle now and I just burst into laughter. He was so amusing when he got excited. Suddenly, a motorbike burst from an alley and came to a stop at the end of the road.<p>

"Now, there's a Batman." Joker mused as the bike shot towards us like a bullet. "Ooh, you wanna play? Come on. Come on!" The Batman was getting ever closer and it would be any moment when we collided. Two wires shot out and hit the front of the truck. Batman swerved and rode under the truck and disappeared from my view. "He missed!" Joker shouted. I wasn't convinced.
>"Uh, not wanting to burst your bubble, dear, but I don't think he did!" Just as I finished my sentence the truck somersaulted and we landed upside down. Painfully.<p>

I fell from the door of the truck and groaned. "Oh, that _really_ hurt!" I mumbled as sarcastically as I could. I felt a stinging pain in my ribs and looked at it. "Oh come on!" I shouted in disbelief. There was my knife, once more, sticking half in, half out. WHAT THE FUCK IS UP WITH THAT? "Solace?" I heard from the other side of the truck. I managed to prop myself up on my elbows.
>"Joker! You okay?" He came into view with an assault rifle in hand.
"I should be asking you. You! SHIT." He noticed the knife in my ribs apparently. I rolled my eyes and tore it out, screaming as I did so.
>"Ahhh, that stung like a fuckin' bitch." I moaned and collapsed again.
"No, come on, dollface. We can do this. This is our finale. We're gonna get caught and then! _Then_ we get to relax and eat ice cream. Once we're back at home." He reassured me and picked me up, setting me down just next to the truck. "Now, stay here so that Daddy doesn't get too worried." He said with a wink and then turned back to where Batman had disappeared.

He cricked his neck a few times, still a little discombobulated from the crash, and shot a few times. Batman was pelting towards us at an alarming rate. I could hear Joker murmuring to himself but I couldn't make out the words. "Come on, hit me! HIT ME!" And Batman could not. Instead, he veered off and fell off the bike. Joker slowly turned and watched as Batman and his bike slammed into the truck. I felt exceedingly lucky that Joker had set me down a little way away from the truck. I didn't have the energy to even _try_ and move. Batman collapsed and didn't move afterwards. I began to crawl over, to check

if he was dead or not. Joker began to approach and I grinned at him. Two of the thugs had survived and one turned the Bat over. Joker was now humming as he came closer and the thug closer to Batman stooped to reveal the face behind the mask. A few more centimetresâ€|

An electric spark flashed and the thug jumped back with a yelp, obviously removing the mask was a no-no. Joker burst out laughing and he leaped onto the thug, gibbering as he did so, as though reprimanding him for such a silly act. He then knelt over Batman and pulled out a knife. I managed to crawl a little closer to see who would be the man behind the mask. But it was not to be. A few men approached and I threw the knife that had been stuck in my body a few moments before at one of them. He went down immediately and Joker and I were seized. We had been planning on going to jail, but not at a moment like this. Fortune was not favouring us today.

Joker and I stood by a table and waited, looking exceedingly bored. They were removing weapons from our jackets. I smirked at the mass of knives pulled out of Joker's pockets. I laughed out loud when I saw a potato peeler being placed on the table. He gave me a sheepish look and then an amused expression when he saw the amount of mini Tasers in my pocket. I shrugged my shoulders and immediately regretted it. Eventually, they just removed our jackets so that they could get a better inspection. I was wearing a tank top this time and jeans. My muscles in my arms tensed whenever a person came too close for comfort. One man, not wearing gloves, removed my jacket and began screaming, clutching his hand. I looked at him with an eyebrow raised. "Oops. Forgot that I added a burning acid that's only corrosive to the skin on there. My bad." Joker cackled at my comment, "My own concoction." I finished proudly. He grinned and we were escorted into the cell.

We sat on the bench, mirroring each other into the exact details. We were sitting with our heads slightly inclined and our hands together between our legs. We watched with a slight eyebrow raised and a little smirk. Gordon, the man who was supposed to be dead but was apparently alive, walked in. "Stand away! All of you!" He shouted at the top of his voice, "I don't want anything for his Mob lawyer to use, you understand?" The Mayor followed and I cricked my knuckles. Joker gave me an amused look but I wasn't watching him; I continued to stare at the Mayor. I had history with the Mayor. I wasn't about to forget it just because of his superior standing. "Back from the dead." I heard him say to Gordon. We lounged back a little, glancing at each other at the same time, and then returned to the same position. We freaked out a lot of the prisoners with our synchronicity. "What do we got? Joker first." Mayor said, turning to us. I glared at him from behind my mask. I had made sure that they didn't take it off. Gordon sighed and put his hands on his hips. "Nothing." He admitted, "No matches on prints, DNA, dental. Clothing is custom, no labels. Nothing in his pockets but knives and lint. No name. No other alias." Mayor nodded and then looked at me. I saw the tint of recognition in his eyes and I cricked my knuckles again. Joked looked at me, a little concerned for my obvious aggression towards the Mayor. "And what about her? Which one is she? The Actor or Solace? She came up out of the blue." Mayor asked with a small sneer. I narrowed my eyes.

>"She certainly lives up to her reputation. She's an impressive actor and has fooled everyone into thinking she was an innocent guest at Wayne's party. Obviously, she wasn't." Gordon said with a little bit of contempt but respect, "We got the same results from her but we got

a bit of her life story. Just a little." Mayor looked at him with a sharp look.
"What was it?" He asked shortly. Gordon looked at him.

>"Apparently, you tried to kill her cousin."<p>

My cousin had been the only family left. She was the most amazing person I had ever met. She was blonde, witty, sarcastic and absolutely mad and was a little dim. I loved her so much; I never wanted to let her go. Emily was the best thing that had ever happened to me. She could light up my world with just a smile. I'm pleased to say I could do the same for her. We were inseparable and we did everything together. It was my 18th birthday and we decided that we'd go out for a bit of a drink. I get it, I was living on the streets for a while but Emily took me in. She disapproved of my stealing and said time after time that I should just move in permanently. But no, my pride was too much. I told her everything except for one thing. The one thing that I wasn't ashamed of yet I knew would break Emily's heart; I enjoyed it. I enjoyed every theft I made, every murder I committed. I was beginning to change by now, back in reality. I was beginning to feel a little saner. Emily had been my escape and she made me realize that there isn't just killing and stealing. And then some punk ass shit head mugged us. My 18th birthday was supposed to be happy. We had a few drinks, not much, had a right laugh and then walked home in a good mood. I had been convinced that very night, before the mugging, that maybe I could start anew. I could get a clean slate and start over. Hey, maybe my life would be better. But no, no, some twenty seven year old thought it would be really great fun to jump us, strip us of the money and then knife Emily and I for good measure. I got off fine. Emilyâ€| Not so lucky. She died in my arms. I swore that very day that I would avenge her and kill the motherfucker who did that. And now, this would be my chance.

"Go home, Gordon." A voice snapped me back to reality, "The clown and the princess'll keep till morning." PRINCESS? "Go get some rest. You're gonna need it. Tomorrow you take the big job." Gordon stared at the Mayor. "You don't have any say in the matter. Commissioner Gordon." He said loudly and everyone applauded. We clapped mockingly and smirked. Gordon and Mayor left and I finally stood up, kicking the bars a random can as I did so. Joker raised an eyebrow but I didn't give a shit. My nostrils were flaring and I was pissed off. "Whoah, chick, calm it." Some prisoner from the other side of the cell said. I looked at him with narrowed eyes.

>"Calm it? Calm it? I WILL NOT CALM IT!" I screamed at him. He squared up to me.
"I don't think you're in the right situation to shout at me, bitch." _That does it._ I punched him square in the nose and he grabbed at his nose, spurring blood over the floor. "I WILL NOT CALM DOWN MOTHERFUCKER! I JUST HAD TO STARE AT MY COUSIN'S MOTHERFUCKING MURDERER AND YOU'RE TELLING ME TO CALM IT? NO! I'VE WAITED LONG FUCKING ENOUGH!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. I felt some arms gently guide me to the bench and I saw stars from shouting so loudly. "Restrain her!" I heard an officer shout and the door to the cell opened. I sent the best death glare I could at the officer and he recoiled in fright. "I don't think restraining her will be necessary, _Officer_." Joker said in a mocking tone, arm still around my shoulder. The officer looked at the rest of the staff and they just nodded. He exited the cell and locked it again. "Care to share?" I turned to look at Joker and he was watching me intensely. _Such dark eyesâ€| I wonder what secrets he has behind themâ€| So intenseâ€| Wow, I'm getting flustered now. Best shut up._ I shook my head and sat down again, putting my head in my hands. "Not

here. Not now. Too many people. I'll end up cutting again!" I realized my mistake. Joker tensed beside me and I was too scared to look at his face. A moment of silence and I closed my eyes.
>"We'll talk about this when the plan is done and we're outta here. For now, sit tight. This is gonna be one long ride."

**Bit shorter than usual but how'd you like that? Another part of Solace's past has been revealed! I realize I don't really use Solace's name very often. Soon enough, Solace is going to reveal her real name to Joker and Joker shall do the same to her. A heart-felt moment when they escape and Solace reveals her secret. Something to look forward to ;) Cheers folks.
>Luna

7. 3 2 1 BOOM!

A fat man that I immediately recognised was thrown into the cell, nearly falling flat on his face by my feet. He was extremely red-faced and by the way he was clutching his stomach, I knew that soon enough, the plan would be commence. "Look at these ugly bastards." I heard a man say and I rolled my eyes. The man was wearing a blue jacket with another jacket on underneath. "I don't feel good!" Our victim groaned.
>"You're a cop killer. You're lucky to be feeling anything below the neck." The fat man then leaped at the bars where the man who was taunting him was.
"Please!" He begged. A cop stepped up with an angry expression.
>"Step away from the bars!" He ordered. He didn't look like he was going to put up with any shit. The man whimpered again.
"My insides hurt!" Joker and I just acted nonchalant, as though we had no idea what the fuck was up with the guy. We were silent for a good 40 minutes until Joker spoke.

"I'm too curious now, what's up with the Mayor and your cousin?" He said suddenly, looking at me intensely. _God, I wish he wouldn't do that! _I sighed and shrugged.
>"It was a year ago when it happened. I should be over it but she meant so much to me." I said, making sure my voice didn't waver. He continued to stare at me and I felt myself beginning to blush. I heard him give a throaty chuckle which made me blush even more. I was used to his maniacal laughter, his cackling! Not something quite so! human or! manly. I casually looked around the cell and when I looked to my left, my eyes fell on his. And I swear to God, I had never seen so many emotions in one person's eyes.<p>

"Okay, we're taking you both in then it'll be individual, I reckon." A cop said as he unlocked the cell. I nodded and got up, glad to be away from raving lunatics. Then again, I've been partnered with one for a while now and I may or may not be in love with one so what am I complaining about? Joker followed me out of the cell and we were handcuffed, hands in front of us. The lights were dim in the room when we were sat down and the lamp on the table was pointing up. The man left us and I quickly pointed the lamp down. Joker raised an eyebrow. "I don't like having bright lights in my face. I can't think properly." I explained, still not looking at him. He nodded and licked his lips again, smacking them a little as he did so. I leant back in my seat, only to find Joker's arm was on the back of my chair. I cocked an eyebrow at him and he winked. I rolled my eyes, managing to keep the blush off of my face. The door suddenly opened

and I leaned forwards, as did Joker. "Evening Commissioner." We both said slowly. I nearly smirked at our synchronicity.

Gordon sat down in front of us and sighed a little. "Harvey Dent never made it home." He said, as though he was informing a family of a death.

>"Of course not." Joker mumbled lowly.
"What have you done with him?" Joker then put on the face of surprise.

>"Us?" He asked, as though shocked at the accusation, "We were right here." We both put up our hands to accentuate the fact that we couldn't have taken him. "Who did you leave him with?" He asked, pointing a finger at him. We laughed a little. "Your people?" He shook his head a little, "Assuming, of course, that they are still your people and not Maroni's." Gordon watched us intently.

>"Does it depress you, commissionerâ€¦ to know just how alone you really are?" I whispered, taunting him, "Does it make you feel responsible for Harvey Dent's current predicament?" Just as I finished my sentence, Gordon spoke, unable to contain himself.
"Where is he?" He murmured.

>"What's the time?" Joker asked, but only a little less demanding than â€¦ well, a demand.
"What difference does that make?" Gordon wondered aloud.

>"Well, depending on the time, he may be in one spot or several." He said while glancing at me. Gordon looked like his mask was beginning to fall. His agitation was evident. He began fumbling with something in his hands. "If we're gonna play gamesâ€¦"
"Mm-hm?" We both murmured. He unlocked the handcuffs and removed them from our wrists, twirling them around his fingers. "I'm gonna need a cup of coffee." He said with a small smile. I smirked a little.

>"Ah, the "good cop, bad cop" routine?" I asked loudly. He stopped at the door and looked back at us.
"Not exactly." The door buzzed and opened, Gordon closing it shut behind him. We both clicked our tongues in annoyance. "Typical." I said and then the lights switched on suddenly, blinding me momentarily. Pain smashed through my head as it was suddenly smashed on the table.

I raised my head to find Batman glaring at us both. "What happened to 'guys don't hit girls'?" I asked indignantly.

>"Never start with the head. The victim gets all fuzzy. He can't feel the next-." Batman slammed his fists on our hands that were spread on the table. Nothing.
"See?" We said. Batman sat down as shook our heads to get rid of the dizziness.

>"You wanted me. Here I am." He said, looking at the Joker. I cocked an eyebrow.
"We wanted to see what you'd do. And you didn't disappoint. You let five people die." He whispered. He shifted a little, indicating I should continue.

>"Then you let Dent take your place."
"Even to a guy like me, that's cold." Joker finished with a little disapproving look on his face. Batman seemed unfazed, unfortunately. He watched us with unblinking eyes. "Where's Dent?"

"Those Mob fools want you gone so they can get back to the way things were." I said, crossing my arms, "But we know the truth." I leaned forwards, capturing his attention completely, "There's no going back. You've changed things. Forever."

>"Then why do you wanna kill me?" He asked curiously. That was too much. We burst out laughing, albeit a little wheezily on Joker's behalf.
"We don'tâ€¦ We don't wanna kill you! What would we do without you? Go back to ripping off Mob dealers? Or, in Solace's case, plotting the murder of the Mayor? No, no." My heart leapt every

time he said 'we'. _Pull yourself together! _"No. No, youâ€¦" Joker leaned forwards, "You complete us."
>"You're garbage who kills for money." I shook my head.
"Don't talk like one of them. You're not. Even if you'd like to be." I realized how much of a mother I sounded then. I frowned at myself and Joker chuckled a little. "To them, you're just a freakâ€¦ like us."

>"Speak for yourself, Solace." I rolled my eyes.
"Right, now's not the time dear, I'm trying to give a little pep talk." I said as sweetly as I could. Joker smirked and I saw the Batman was watching our interaction closely. "Now, what was I saying before my hubby here interrupted me?" I asked him. Joker burst out laughing.

>"Oh man, you're too cute, dollface." I grinned and cleared my throat.
"Anyway, they need you right nowâ€¦ but when they don'tâ€¦" I glanced at the people through the glass, "They'll cast you out like a leper." I continued.

>"You see, their morals, their codeâ€¦" Joker said, obviously over the discussion earlier, "It's a bad joke. Dropped at the first sign of trouble. They're only as good as the world allows them to be. I'll show you. When the chips are down these, uhâ€¦"
"Civilised?" I offered. He grinned.

>"Thanks dollface. These civilised peopleâ€¦ they'll eat each other. See, we're not monsters." He sat back and then leaned adjusted himself. "We're just ahead of the curve." We said. Batman stood abruptly and I flinched the tiniest bit. He grabbed Joker and left me sitting on the chair, wondering if the guy had morals after all.

"Where's Dent?" He demanded gruffly. Joker just frowned at him.
"You have all these rules, and you think they'll save you." Batman slammed Joker into the wall. I jumped from my seat and watched the interaction, looking for the perfect time to strike. "I have one rule." Batman said angrily.

>"Oh, then that's the rule you'll have to break to know the truth."
"Which is?"

>"The only sensible way to live is without rules. And tonight, you're gonna break your one rule."
"There's only minutes left, so you're gonna have to play my little game if you want to save one of them." I grinned; Batman didn't know about Dawes. Batman hesitated for a moment.

>"'Them'?"
"You know, for a while there, we thought you really were Dent. The way you threw yourself after herâ€¦" I said from behind them. Batman dropped Joker and charged at me, flipping me over his shoulder and onto the table. I was winded but I laughed, nevertheless. He grabbed a chair and strode to the door. "Look at you go." I groaned as I got my breathing under control. Joker watched me with concern as I turned over. I shot a grin and a wink at him and waited for Batman to return. It was about time I started taking this hits around here. Batman had been ignoring me for a little while so now was the time to remind him that I was a threat too. Batman jammed the chair under the door handle and then walked over again.

I sat up and cricked my neck, groaned while I stretched. "Does Harvey know about you and his little bunny?" I asked with a taunting glint in my eyes. He grabbed my hair and threw me at the glass. This guy had no reservations, huh? I felt my mask budge a little and I knew that it would easily snap off. "Where are they?" Batman roared. I just cackled at him. "Killing is making a choice." I said and got a slap around the face for it.

>"Where are they?" He repeated. I sat up again and looked at him disapprovingly.
"Choose between one life or the other." I was gasping for air now and the pain was starting to get to me. Batman

was also panting. "Your friend the district attorney, or his blushing bride-to-be." I was grinning by the end of the sentence and I got slapped again, my mask falling off in the process. I laughed even more and began wheezing. I glanced at Joker on the other side of the room and I noticed he was shaking withâ€¦ Rage? Cool. He looked at the chair by the door and then he looked at me. I winked at him and gasped in pain again. "You have nothing, nothing to threaten me with." I said, still wheezing. I shook my head at Batman. "Nothing to do with all your strength." He grabbed me by the shirt and lifted me a little. I looked at Joker and he nodded. "Don't worry, I'm gonna tell you where they are, both of them." I said quickly so that we wouldn't be too late. "And that's the point. You'll have to choose." I had a wicked glint in my eye but I managed to keep the smirk off of my face. "He's at 250 52nd street and she's atâ€¦" I paused to make him all the angrier. I succeeded and he shook me a little. I grinned. "Avenue X at Cicero." He pushed me roughly to the floor and Joker ran over to me as soon as Batman was away from us. "Sheesh, you really took a beating there, huh dollface?" He asked as he looked at my injuries. I would have tonnes of bruises and cuts by now. "Couldn't disappoint, could I?" I grinned and I coughed up some blood. "It looks worse than it is, don't worry." I said quickly. I sat back and leaned on the cold tiles of the room. I couldn't sleepâ€¦ Not yet. Just a little longerâ€¦

"I want our phone call." Joker said sulkily. I smirked at him. He was lying down, his head on my lap. I was stroking his green-brown hair and was surprised to find that it wasn't as greasy as it looked. His makeup was starting to come off of his forehead. "I want it. I want it. I want our phone call." He looked up at our 'babysitter'. "That's nice." He said with his hands in front of him. He blocked the door but I wasn't in a hurry to get up. "How many of your friends have we killed?" I asked airily, still combing through Joker's hair. I glanced up at him to see that he was going red-faced but he gave a small laugh. "I'm a 20-year man." He said, looking at me, "And I know the difference between punks who need a lesson in manners and the freaks like you, lady, who would just enjoy it." I raised an eyebrow.

>"I don't like it when people call my lady here a freak. So shut your trap." Joker said with his eyes closed. I chuckled lightly and then looked up at the man with a 'Haha, you got told' look. "And you killed six of my friends." Babysitter said. I was glad he didn't call me a freak though. He obviously was a little intimidated by Joker. Both Joker and I looked up at him when he said that. "Six?" We both mouthed.<p>

"Do you wanna know why we use a knife?" Joker said suddenly, his eyes opening from the little doze he'd been having. My legs were starting to go numb but that didn't matter. We were both comfortable anyway. The babysitter closed his eyes for a second and then resumed his 'strong and silent' pose. "Guns are too quick. You can't savour all the littleâ€¦ emotions." I chuckled a little.

>"You see, in their last moments people show you who they really are." I continued and Joker smirked a little. "So, in a way, we knew your friends better than you ever did." The babysitter looked at me and I could see his fury burning in his eyes. I looked down at Joker and began stroking his hair again. Then I looked back up at the guard. "Would you like to know which of them were cowards?" The babysitter grinned sadistically and began to remove his jacket. He began to approach, rolling his sleeves up. "I know you're going to enjoy this." Joker sat up and we both cricked our necks. Not long

until BOOM. "I'm gonna have to try and enjoy it even more." He looked down at us menacingly and then made to grab us.<p>

We rolled out of the way and came up to our knees. I stuck my legs and he tripped over them, crashing to the ground. Joker kicked him in the side violently and I jumped on his knee. It broke with a satisfying crack and I turned him over with my foot. Smirking evilly at him, I stamped on his fingers. He howled in pain and Joker grabbed him.

"Whoa, whoa!" Was the first thing we heard when we dragged our babysitter in to the main office. They pulled out guns and our babysitter just would not stand still! We managed to position him so that we were both hidden behind him anyway. We had grabbed the knife that was in the guy's pocket and I had it pressed against his jugular. "Take it easy. Take it easy. Drop the weapon now!"
>"It's my own damn fault, just shoot him!" Our babysitter said loudly. I pressed the knife a little harder.
"Hush now. Time for talking was earlier. Not it's time to stand still and shut up." I said in a soothing tone, though the words were far from soothing. "Let him go now! Drop it!" The officers kept shouting. It was so hard to hear anything.
>"What? Sorry?" Joker asked, squinting a little.
"What do you want?" The room seemed to go silent.
>"I just want our phone call."<p>

I nodded at Joker and he handed the struggling man to me. Joker held out his arm and the officer placed a phone in his outstretched hand. The guy kept whimpering and saying 'Ow.' Lowly. I shushed him and started stroking his hair mockingly. Joker dialled the number and waited. **3â€| 2â€| 1â€| BOOM.**

I looked around to find papers and other shit floating around. Only Joker and I were still standing. The paper was settling everywhere like snow and I smirked at how peaceful something could appear. "Right, time to go." I said with a grin. Joker nodded and we began to walk back to the holding cells where our weapons were. "Well, that was certainly fun." Joker giggled and I laughed too. Now, where was that silly man who was on the television?

How was that? Rather short, I know and it's been a while but this is quite fun to do. Hope you guys enjoyed that! Read and Review, as always. Please, someone take a few of these stories off of my hands! It's a pain having to think about how I'll continue them! I even tried to continue my Yuki story! It's hard though because I didn't even have a plan. And I prefer Hatori to Yuki ;) Anywho, hope you like it. Cheers folks. Adios. (Ooooh, new sign off!)

Luna

8. Exchange

The lights were only flashing and we slowly made our way through the holding cells. Lau was due to be moved in a few days so now was the best time to take him. We came to a cell that had been far from the explosion. In the darkness, I removed my mask. On the way to the cell, we had discussed the rest of the plan and we thought it would be fun if I pretended I was being dragged along. Ya know, just for

laughs. Joker picked up some keys that were lying on a table and started jingling them to get Lau's attention. "Hello there." Joker said lowly as he unlocked the door and Lau looked up with a forlorn expression. He seemed frightened. _Good._
>"I guess you're coming too." I said in a shaky voice. Looks can be deceiving. Lau looked at me and frowned.
"Do I have a choice?"

>"Not really." And we opened the door. Joker pulled him up as I took on the appearance of scared hostage. I didn't want to seem to sissy though. I was limping a little and I had to convince Joker earlier that in order for our ploy to be convincing, he had to pretend to not care. "Now that I have what I want, I wanna go home. I'm dying for some ice cream and I know someone else who is too." Joker said with a sly grin. I nearly punched him in the arm. Joker grabbed Lau but left me to walk by myself, making me appear to have accepted my fate. Lau didn't walk much; he mostly let Joker drag him. Lau was a man of standards and business; he wasn't used to jail and being told what to do.<p>

"Home sweet home." Joker said with his arms outstretched. "Oh, and don't get any ideas of telling anyone _if_ I let you go. I'm moving away soon. Somewhere with a lovely view actually." He explained casually. I pretended I hadn't seen any of it before and looked around awestruck. Lau then took some initiative and looked at me. "Why is _she _here?" He asked, as though a woman being kidnapped by a mass villain was silly. "She doesn't look that special." I narrowed my eyes.

>"Neither do you but you're a top business man. You don't even know my name." I hissed at him. He flinched but didn't move. Damn it, too much of my own personality. I'd have to dumb it down in a bit in future. "Well what _is_ special about you? Hm?" He asked with a patronizing tone. Joker was watching with amusement as I struggled to keep in character.

>"I'm Sony. I'm Harvey Dent's ex-girlfriend." It came up from the top of my head. I don't know why I chose it but choose it I did. I let them Joker believe I was lying. Sadly, I wasn't. Lau looked surprised. Joker looked perturbed.
"But, Rachel Dawes-."

>"Is my sister." I was coming up with lies left, right and centre. Joker cocked an eyebrow at this but went along anyway.
"Yup. And he dumped her for his new squeeze. Now, Dawes should be dead by now and Harvey will be _wallowing in self-pity._ That's when Sony here will pounce." I pretended to be shocked and appalled.

>"What? I could never do something like that! How dare you!" I walked up to him, as though to slap him, but Lau pulled me back. What is he doing? He shook his head at me and glared at the Joker.

>"That's a shameful thing to do." He spoke with his proper way of speaking. Joker merely shrugged.
"You'd be surprised at the things you don't know." He said mysteriously and then walked into the kitchen.

"Lau, you'll be on the couch. I have to speak to Sony."

>"Don't hurt her." Joker grinned.
"_That _I can't guarantee." And he grabbed my arm and pulled me into the kitchen. He spun around and looked at me with his arms crossed. "Is Sony your real name?" I swallowed and nodded, "Were you really the White Knight's girlfriend?" Again, I nodded. _Damn, why do I have to be so truthful to him? _"â€| Are you-."

>"No, I'm not Dawes's sister. Do I look like her?" I asked with an eyebrow raised. He shrugged again. "My twin sister was called Morgan

and my younger sister was called Kayleigh. I told you that." He nodded and then shouted into the 'living room'.
"Nighty night, Lau." The lights in said room went out and a few moments later, we heard him shuffling to go to sleep. Joker turned back to me and the kitchen lights flickered out. I couldn't see his face but he could see mine, thanks to the window. It was dark outside but there happened to be a full moon tonight. I liked to come into the kitchen and look at the moon because the moon would shine through the window and bask the room in light. "You have to tell me about your cousin. And your cutting." He reminded me quietly. I gulped and looked down.

>"She was called Emily." I said softly, "She was the best person I could have hoped to meet." Joker led me away from the doorway so that Lau couldn't eavesdrop and I hoisted myself up onto a counter. As I sat, I refused to look at Joker. Instead, I looked at the moon as I explained.<p>

"My cousin was everything I could have hoped to be. She was funny, mad, loyalâ€¦ A little dim but that didn't change anything. After my family died, she was all I had left." I described with a nostalgic grin. Joker walked over slowly so that he was opposite me, leaning against the wall in his usual position. I could now see his face but I didn't look at it. I didn't want to look as I recounted the memories. "She was a Christian too, so she always believed in second chances. Ya know, I bet if she met you, she would have wanted to give you another hundred chances." I chuckled softly. "She probably would have had a crush on you too." _Like me._ Joker cocked an eyebrow but remained silent. It seemed he would until my tale was done.

"She disapproved of my stealing and killing to survive. She wanted me to move in with her. She didn't own a house and to have two people staying in her small apartment would have made the rent too much and there wouldn't be any space." Sighing, I looked at my bare arms. They had scars on them and some recent scabby cuts. "My pride was too much so I never accepted. I didn't tell her I enjoyed it. I never would. But she made me go softâ€¦ On my 18th birthday, we went out for a drink and a laugh. We didn't get drunk because I refused to, but we had enough to have a fun time. We were walking home when I had an epiphany." Joker leaned in ever so slightly, "I wanted to spend the rest of my life like that; with her as my remaining family and best friend. I wanted the lovely feeling I got on that night forever." I sighed and shook my head. The memories flashed before my eyes as I explained them.

"When we were halfway to hers, we were jumped. Some teenagers who had had a drink. They mugged us, stripped us of our clothes and laughed at us. I couldn't defend both of us, as much as I had wanted to. Like I said, I had just turned 18. They were in their mid-twenties. At the end of it all, one of them shot us both. He was twenty seven. We were 18 and 17." I gulped and cleared my throat a little. I haven't cried in a few years and I wasn't about to start now. "She died in my arms with a bullet in her gut while I got off free with a bullet in my shoulder. I had fainted from blood loss and I woke up in a hospital. I had decided that I couldn't live happily because no matter what, whatever lord we have threw shit back in my face. So, I went against everything I had said and swore to avenge her. The twenty seven year old became Mayor in the next few years. When I found out, I killed some people through my rage. The police obviously didn't know about his mugging days."

"Why didn't you tell them?" I looked up at the sudden sound. I had almost forgotten he was there. But then I would have been doing a monologue. Then I really would have been deemed insane.

>"I wouldn't be able to kill him if he was in jail." I explained. He nodded and then went back to be quiet. "I cut myself from the depression I entered. I did hardly anything for three years. Small-time crimes were all I committed. When I robbed banks, I didn't keep the money to buy a house and the necessities. I used it to buy food and weapons. Knives mostly. I used a lot of mini-Tasers as well. You'd be surprised how many men thought I was a prostitute when I was living on the streets." Joker tensed.<p>

"Hm. And what about the White Knight? How'd you become his _squeeze_?" He said, almost bitterly. I shrugged.

>"He found me at my worst. Took me in. His name was Harvey Johnson then. I stayed with him for a few months and we fell in love. He then met Rachel Dawes and he told me to leave the house because Rachel was uncomfortable with my being there. I consented because at the time, I wanted him to be happy. Love made me do stupid things. I left and I pretended I had met someone else whenever he saw me. I pretended I had a place to stay. He believed me, the ignorant man." I sighed, "And then the Batman appeared. After the fire, he, and the Mayor, was the only thing keeping me going. When both of them were dead, I would kill myself." Joker shook his head but didn't speak. My voice was getting tired by now and my head hurt. And my heart. My heart was hurting a lot. Hurting for Emily, for Harvey and for Joker. "What about you?" I whispered, looking up at him for the first time. His face was blank but his eyes were so intense, I felt a fire light in my stomach.

"The story I told you at Wayne's do was true. My wife was a gambler and she got cut up for it. She wanted to be seen as normal. She hated the scars. They made her feel inhuman." He said quietly, "So, I cut my mouth up. I wanted her to see that we could be different together. I wanted her to see that I didn't care about scars. I didn't care what she looked like because I still loved her." He sighed and then he didn't want to look at me anymore, "She left me because she hated how I looked so much. She left me and I was alone, wondering how to continue with life. So, I decided that to get back at the world for doing that to her, I became a villain. I wanted to kill the Mob. They were the ones that did that to her so I wanted them to go last. The big finale, if you will." I swallowed and looked down as I absorbed the story. _He's been through a lot of pain and suffering. His wife sounded like a beautiful woman, except for the hypocritical fact that she couldn't stand the sight of him. _"Did she get married?" I asked quietly. He looked at me and licked his lips.

>"Yes. She moved on. She lives with her husband and two children. Her husband was a business man and he managed to buy her the surgery. He fell in love with her before surgery and she fell in love with him after it." I sighed at his sad story.
"I'm sorry, Joker." I lowered myself from the counter and began to exit. Joker spoke again however.

>"Jack." I looked back at him. He was suddenly right in front of me. "My name is Jack Napier." His dark eyes were locked onto mine and I couldn't look away. Even if I wanted to. Slowly, Jok-Jack raised his hands to my shoulders. I was wondering what he was doing for a moment. What's he about to do? What is he up to? Oh god, is he going to kiss me? Please say he will, please say he-shut up! Instead of sending me to heaven, he sent me to Limbo where, in reality, I would go to hell, but in my mind, I'd go to heaven later.

Jack pulled me closer and I realized that he was hugging me. Jack Napier/Joker was hugging me. The fire in my stomach burned brighter and I barely managed to conceal my emotions. I put my arms around his middle and leaned into his body. I would turn Christian and I would never kill again if this moment could last forever. Sadly, God didn't think it was fair. We hugged for a few more minutes, me revelling in his touch and him thinking about whatever he was thinking about, and then parted slowly. I smiled gently and then kissed his cheek. "Good night, Jack." And then I turned around and walked away, looking braver than I really was.

We were in the cargo bay of the huge vessel we chose. Our share of the money was piled high and Lau and I sat at the top, our hands bound. Or rather, his were bound. My hands were behind my back where no one could see them. Jack had removed my mask as well. After our intimate moment in the kitchen, I had come to realize just how much I needed Jack now. If it hadn't been for himâ€¦ I don't want to think about it. I would have been reckless and gone to jail for the rest of my life. I've come to terms with the fact that I'm in love with him and I no longer feel that I could leave him. He's a lot saner than how he lets the public view him. Doors banging open pulled me from my thoughts and I looked over to see the leader of the mob, Chechen, entering with some of his men and some dogs being held back by chains.

"Not so crazy as you look!" Chechen called loudly with a big grin on his face. He seemed to have noticed my, or rather The Actor's absence, and spoke about it. "Where's your partner?"
>"They're around here somewhere. You have to look past what's obvious to find them though." Jack said from behind us, standing up carefully. He didn't say 'she' because Lau was smarter than I liked to give him credit for. "I told you, I'm a man of my word." He then jumped and slid down the money. *Damn, that looks fun. Can't wait for my dramatic entrance now.* He came to a stop on his feet and some money continued falling. I felt some of the money shift underneath me and for a moment, I panicked. An avalanche of money wasn't something I wanted. Jack looked around for a moment and opened his arms and questioned: "Where's the Italian?" He meant Maroni. Chechen shrugged.

Jack then threw a wad of money bills at Lau. He flinched and I rolled my eyes. As they spoke about something meaningless to me, I nudged Lau. "Lau, I've got a secret." He looked at me and I could see that he had accepted his death.
>"Why are you telling me? We're both going to die here." He asked with no emotion. I shook my head.

"That's where you're wrong." Chechen then noticed that I was on top of the money as well. He grinned a frightening grin.
>"And who's that pretty lady up there? A bonus?" I heard Jack clear his throat and he shook his head.

"No, it isn't. She's calledâ€¦ Solace. Come on down." And that's when I stood up, hands not bound, and I smirked at them below.
>"Apologies, Lau. We thought it would be amusing to lie." I said simply and I did what Jack did and slid down the money. I stopped at the bottom and Jack helped me up with a hand. I smiled my thanks and then glared at Chechen. "It's a good thing you're not needed anymore." I murmured. Chechen didn't hear. Good.<p>

"Please, Joker-man and, uh, Solace, what do you do with all your money?" Jack had just thrown another bunch of money bills at Lau and

I could see Lau was staring at me angrily. I could feel his betrayal, but did I care? No. He was a pawn. He was worse than Jack, to be honest. He negotiated with the Mob. He got himself into the mess. Jack looked back at Chechen as the Mob leader smoked his Cuban cigar. "You see, we're a pair of simple taste. We enjoy, uhâ€¦" He tried to think of things we liked a lot.

>"Dynamite." I interjected. He gestured to me.
"Precisely. Dynamiteâ€¦ and gunpowderâ€¦" And then we both said, "And gasoline!" A man came up on cue and began pouring the gasoline over base of the money pile. Chechen immediately frowned and tried to step forwards. "What the-." I grabbed a pistol I had hidden in the back of my trousers, under my top and pulled it out, just as Jack did. "Ah, ah, ahâ€¦" Jack warned. After a moment of looking at the gasoline he stepped up to Chechen, who seemed unafraid. "And you know the thing that they have in common?" I spoke next.
>"They're cheap."<p>

Chechen's voice was muffled because of the cigar but even through it, we could hear how tense he was. "You said you were a man of your wordâ€¦"

>"Oh, I am." Jack said with a little nod as he removed Chechen's cigar, blowing on it to make it smoke some more. "We're only burning our half." Jack said and he threw the cigar at the money. The money burst into flames and I could hear Lau trying not to scream. He was a broken man now. Chechen stared at the burning mournfully.<p>

I leaned in. "This town deserves a better class of criminal and we're gonna give it to them." Jack then pointed at Chechen's men as his dogs barked and then at us.

>"Tell your men they work for us now. This is our city." Chechen seemed to have gotten over the shock of losing all of that money and instead he stared at Jack and I with contempt.
"They won't work for freaks."

>"Freaksâ€¦" Jack imitated Chechen's way of speech and then resumed in his normal voice, pulling out a knife, "Why don't we cut you up into little pieces and feed you to your pooches? Hm?" He threw the knife away and waited for an answer.
"And then we'll see how loyal a hungry dog _really_ is." I growled as Chechen was dragged away by 'his men'. He struggled but we ignored him as the incessant barking continued. "It's not about the moneyâ€¦"

>"â€¦It's about sending a message." Jack continued and pulled out a phone, dialling the TV station, "Everything burns." I watched the money burning and ignored Lau's quiet pleas for help as he burned to death.<p>

"I had a vision of a world without Batman. The Mob ground out a little profit and the police tried to shut them down one block at a time. And it was soâ€¦ boring." Jack then handed me the phone.

>"We've had a change of heart," I said with a slightly sultry voice, "We don't want Mr Reese spoiling everything but why should we have all the fun? Let's give someone else a chance." I held out the phone to Jack but he wasn't listening. Just watching me. I shrugged it off and continued. "If Coleman Reese isn't dead in 60 minutes, then we blow up a hospital." And I hung up. I looked at Jack once more and I noticed he had gotten a lot closer. "Your phone, dear." He took it with a little smile on his face.

>"Thanks dollface. Come on, let's get kitted out. You're wearing a dress again."
"What? That's not fair!"

**I finally got round to updating! I'm not very good at, uhâ€¦ keeping my word with stories. I said I'd continue different ones, I keep going with this one. Unpredictable, I know but it keeps you on your toes. When I say that I'll keep going with it, unless I post all of the chapters straight away, like I did with Chocolate Eyes, you can bet on it that I'll do another one instead. I've got a weird little OCD thing where if I start a story and then continue it the next day, and then the next, and then the next, I start to become adamant on writing a little each day. I've got that with Immortality. So, I'm writing at least a paragraph a day. Chapter 8 of Immortality will be finished soon. I hope this made up for it though. Cheers folks. Adios. **

Luna

9. Nurse Sony And Nurse Napier

"I don't like it." I sulked as I looked in the mirror in my room. I refused to let Jack in until I was satisfied. It was a nurse's outfit and I didn't like it, as I just stated. It was a particularly short nurse's outfit as well. It even came with the stereotypical nurse's hat. I pulled the stockings up and put some Converse on because I would not be caught dead in their shoes. I don't have much style but the shoes were just ghastly.

"Come on, dollface, it can't be _that_ bad." Jack said through the door. I had requested Jack go in a suit, to look like a business attendant or something but he said he had something more special in mind. _Just thinking about him in a suit makes my mouth waterâ€¦ Uh oh, I drooled._ I wiped the saliva away from my mouth and thought about makeup. I didn't want to look like I was trying to impress or anything, but every nurse I had ever come into contact with wore makeup. Wouldn't that make it more believable? _It'll only be a little. Mascara, bit of eyeliner and some lip gloss. What harm could it do?_ I sighed and shook the thought away. "Don't forget to put on makeup. I don't wanna be the only one." I heard Jack say before he moved away from the door. I rolled my eyes and sat down at my desk. Rooting around in a bag of makeup Jack stole for me, I found some simple brands.

I finished the look by applying some dark lipstick but not too obvious. I stepped back and found that I didn't look that bad. I just needed to apply the makeup around my eyes now. "Sooooonnyyyy, it's time to go!" I heard Jack whine from the other room. I rolled my eyes.

>"Jack, I've just got to apply the stuff around my eyes." I heard silence for a moment.
"I want to see how you look without it. Come out here." I froze. _See meâ€¦ _without_ the makeup?_ No way.

>"Hello no, Jack." I retorted and looked around for my makeup. God knows, I needed it and fast. He could burst in at any moment.
"Then I'll come in." _Damn it! Faster!_ I found the powder and I managed to apply it to one eye before he kicked the door in. Literally. It was on the floor now.

>"Damn it, Jack, that's the second door this week! I'll have to replace it again!" I scolded. He didn't answer. He was looking at me in the mirror.<p>

My right eye was covered with the makeup but the scars around my left

were plain to see. They were all mostly small ones but my largest one on my left eye was from the corner of it to the other side. A large white scar that was where an insomniac would get bags under their eyes. He sighed softly and walked over slowly. I didn't meet his eyes, I just stared at myself, hating the scars around that marred my face. Jack wrapped his arms around my waist from behind and put his head on my shoulder. I swallowed and my eyes darted everywhere except from his eyes. After a few moments of standing there like that, he turned me around and held my chin up with his finger. "Look at me, Solace." He whispered and I refused. I looked down and nowhere else. "Sony. Look at me." He shook me gently. I consented and got caught up in his eyes. Slowly, very slowly, he wiped the makeup away from my right eye. The largest scar on that eye was the one just above the eyelid. The one that nearly made me go blind in my right eye. "You're beautiful, Sony." He murmured and kissed my forehead. "Now, stop moping, we've got your ex for me to beat up and a hospital to blow up."

"Davis!" We heard from down the corridor. Jack nodded to me and I stepped out of the room. My mask wasn't on and neither was my special makeup, Jack wouldn't let me put it on, and so the police officer could see all of my face. He froze for a moment, presumably because of my scars, and then stood straight. "Ma'am, we have to move him now." Warning alarms sounded in the distance but I ignored them.

>"I'm sorry sir, but there's another nurse in there that needs to check him over one last time." The police officer shook his head.
"My apologies, ma'am but he has to leave now." I remained still for a moment more and then nodded. I turned and opened the door.

>"Nurse Napier, there's a police officer here." Jack turned around and shot him casually. I pushed the body out of the way of the doorway and then put my hands on my hips.
"Was that really necessary, Jack?" He turned around again, the mask hiding his mouth from me, and shrugged.

>"He was eying you up, dollface. I'm not gonna let him get away with that. That's like _treason_." I chuckled and then looked at my ex with only half of his face left. He looked exactly the same as last time I saw him. Harvey had always slept peacefully. Not a sound could wake him up but movement would make him stir. Jack bent over and began to raise the bed so that Harvey was sitting more upright. Harvey slowly woke and stared at Jack. He didn't see me because I was hiding, like a coward, behind him. I got a full view of the muscles and his teeth from where I was standing. Nice.

Jack slowly pulled off the mask and Harvey flinched massively. The sudden movement nearly made me gasp the slightest bit. Jack placed the mask on the chair and sat down as Harvey grunted loudly, trying to escape from the restraints. Jack then smiled. "Hi." I had to try ever so hard not to laugh then. Harvey tried one more time to leap at Jack but he then settled down. Jack removed the wig and ruffled his hair a little. "Ya know, I don't want there to be any hard feeling between us, Harvey." He shrugged a little, "When you and, uhë"

>"RACHEL!" Harvey shouted with fury. Jack held up his hands in mock surrender.
"And Rachel were being abducted, we were sitting in Gordon's cage." He kept gesturing with his hands to indicate that it was a small space. "Ya know, we didn't rig those charges." Harvey didn't care.

>"Your men, your plan." Jack was unfazed, however.
"Do I really

look like a guy with a plan?"

Harvey didn't answer. I silently moved over to the side of the bed but he didn't hear me or sense my presence. "Ya know what we are? We're dogs chasing cars. We wouldn't know what to do with one if we caught it." He shook his hands and his voice went a little high with mirth, "Ya know? We just _do things_." Again, he moved his hands to accentuate his words. "The Mob has plans. The cops have plans. Gordon's got plans. Ya know, they're schemers." He licked his lips, "Schemers trying to control their little worlds. We're not schemers. We try to show the schemers how pathetic they attempts to control things really are. So when I say, ah. Come here." He took hold of Harvey's right hand and held it with his own. "When I say that you and your girlfriend were nothing personal... you'll know that I'm telling the truth." He looked at Harvey intensely. "You keep saying 'we'â€| Who's your partner? Another freak?" I narrowed my eyes the slightest bit. Jack shook his head and whistled lowly.
>"You shouldn't have said that." He didn't reply to Harvey's question though. I expected him to be done with it but no. "But I found out something new a few days ago. And ya knowâ€| I didn't like it." Harvey didn't respond. He merely continued to glare at Jack. "I found out that you had a girlfriend before Rachel. I found out that you took a girl in and that you fell in love with her." He then took his hands away from Harvey's, "That you 'fell in love with her'." He used air quotation marks. Harvey seemed to tense the slightest bit but it didn't seem possible that he could get any tenser. "And ya wanna know something else?" Harvey didn't reply. "She's right behind you."<p>

Harvey's head spun around and his eyes, one lidded and one bare, looked at me in shock. He took in the scars and the cuts on my bare arms and on my face. "Sonyâ€|" He whispered with remorse. I didn't show any emotion. I didn't change my expression or my position.

>"Harvey." I said coldly. Harvey swallowed and he reached out, his voice seeming gravelly now.
"Sony, pleaseâ€|" His hand brushed mine and I stepped back quickly, not wanting contact with him.

>"No, Harvey." I reprimanded in the same tone. He continued to reach for me.
"Sony, what happened to you? Pleaseâ€|" I glared at him hotly.

>"Batman didn't save me." I informed him and then leaned against the wall, far from the two-faced man. Jack took that as me saying that I was done. He wasn't however.<p>

"So, you 'fell in love' with Sony here. You cared for her, got her a job probably and fed her and the like. Then what? Hmm?" Jack asked, his tone getting more malicious by the second. "You throw her out like an old toy, cos you got a new one. You got the _lovely_ Rachel Dawes." Jack leaned in and whipped a knife out, placing it by Harvey's jugular. Harvey froze. He hadn't looked back at Jack and he didn't dare to now. His eyes were locked on me and I could see the ugly side of him and the side that I had once fallen in love with.

"Rachel probably gave you _the talk_ where you have to stop seeing your ex. But, in order to do that, you'd have to kick her out. Deprive her of a home, food and care. _I don't like that_." As I watched Jack threaten Harvey for doing that to me, I felt my heart swell. "You're not going to go anywhere _near_ Sony again. Because if

you doâ€| " He chuckled throatily and that shocked Harvey enough to try and look at him without aggravating the blade, "Let's not dwell on that."

"I think that's enough now, Nurse." I said with a little smile in the corner of my lips. Jack looked at me and he nodded, removing the knife. He then stood up.

>"Aaaalrighty then, dollface." Harvey struggled against his bonds.

"Oh, you don't like my pet name for her? Too bad, Two-face."

Ouch, hit him where it hurts. Not the crotch, by the way. His pride.

"It's the schemers that put you where you are." Jack said, continuing with his speech before the, ahem, therapy session. He untied the restraint one of his arms. "You were a schemer, you had plans." He said as he walked around the bed and pointed at him, "And, uhâ€| look where that got you." He untied the other and Harvey moved quickly and grabbed Jack as much as he could. I stepped in quickly and grabbed his arm and bent it backwards. He yelled out in pain as he continued to try and kill my partner. Jack ignored it.

"We just did what we do best. We took your little plan and we turned it on itself. Look what we did to this city with a few drums of gas and a couple of bullets." Harvey glared at both of us mercilessly.

>"You're in on it too, huh, Sony? Should have guessed." He growled. I narrowed my eyes.
"What's that supposed to mean, Two-face? Huh? You always knew that I'd end up being a villain? You always knew that I'd end up having a vendetta against the Mayor?"

>"A vendetta against the Mayor? What are you talking about?" I glared at him.<p>

"Oh, that's right, I didn't tell you. You didn't trust me so I didn't trust you. The Mayor, for your information, killed my last remaining family member. But you didn't care every time I tried to tell you. You didn't care whenever I tried to tell you the source of my unhappiness and scars. You didn't care at all." I hissed at him. Harvey shook his head vigorously while trying to keep his arm in a place where it wouldn't break.

>"You could have left me a note of some kind."
"We both know that that would have been worse. You would have thought I didn't trust you enough to tell you face to face." I said quietly, seeming even more sinister. "You never will accept me, face it." And I ended the conversation by forcing his arm into a more uncomfortable, more painful position. I nodded at Jack to continue what he was saying and he did, with a subtle arm around me.

"You know what I noticed? Nobody panics when things go 'according to plan'." Jack did the air quotes again. "Even if the plan is horrifying. If tomorrow we tell the press that, like, a gangbanger will get shot," He licked his lips, "or a truckload of soldiers will be blowing upâ€|" He shook his head, "Nobody panics. Because it's all part of the plan. But when we say that one little old mayor will dieâ€| well, then, everyone loses their minds!" He went a little crazy at the end and Harvey glared at us as though we were the lowest scum on Earth. Does anyone care though? No. I let go of Harvey's arm when Jack reached into his pocket to get the pistol. He threw it in the air a little and grabbed the other end, thrusting the gun into Harvey's hand. "Introduce a little anarchyâ€|" He flicked off the safety, "â€| upset the established orderâ€|" And he pointed the gun

at his own face, "and everything becomes chaos" I'm an agent of chaos."

He licked his lips and when I looked at Harvey, I was shocked to find that his finger was trembling to pull the trigger. If he made a move or gave any indication he would pull that trigger, I would disarm him and shoot him myself. "Oh, and you know the thing about chaos?" Jack pointed at Harvey, "It's fair." Harvey was breathing heavily, his nostrils flaring. Slowly, he brought up the coin I had seen him use sometimes. He showed one side with a head on it, "You live." And then turned it around to a dirty side where I couldn't identify the picture, "You die."

"Mmm, now we're talking." Harvey then flipped the coin. After a moment, he looked up at us and glared still.

Jack went outside to sanitize his hands and to leave Harvey and me alone. He did that because he knew that I didn't want that. "Sony, why? Why him?" I kept my back to Harvey. "You landed yourself in a heap of trouble and you go to him?" My fists were clenching and my nails dug into my flesh. "You've been through worse. What made you think he, of all people, would make you feel better?"

"He didn't ask any questions, Harvey! He didn't ask me why I resorted to crime, unlike you and Batman. He didn't ask me why I have scars and cuts on my arms and then not listen when I try to tell him, unlike you. He didn't kick me out, he didn't question me, he understood me. He understood me, Harvey. You didn't. There's only two people in my life who understand me. One of them is dead, the other's still alive. You can bet that the one alive isn't you." I snapped and spun around, revealing my furious expression. Harvey sighed and looked away.

"Sony, I always cared for you. I cared for you so much, I would do anything."
"You obviously didn't care enough. You're so angry about my decisions, if you truly 'cared'" I used air quotes, like Jack did, "Then you would have done a better job of making sure I didn't make the wrong decisions."

"Sony" It was all I could do to keep Rachel with me" If I'd have known" Harvey pleaded from his pathetic position, still restrained on the bed. Why did I fall in love with him again? Oh yeah, because I was pathetic once too. That's why. I could barely stand the sight of the man now. "If you'd have known what, Harvey? What would you have done? If you had listened, we wouldn't be in this mess. You wouldn't be in this mess. Because this isn't a mess to me. This all makes perfect sense because I know everything that's going on. Everyone is so bloody predictable in Gotham City." I could feel a Jack Speech coming along now. "You bring a little danger into a city and everyone goes nuts. No one understands what's happening. No one understands why someone would do that. No one understands anything because they don't look around and see what's there." Harvey had stopped trying to break the belts holding him down now and was listening to my monologue. It was pretty awesome, in my opinion.

"The public" the police" they've got no idea what's going on. They don't know what we're going to do next. We're the only unpredictable people in this entire city. You, Harvey, you're so easy to see. You're on the press, you're on the television, and you're right in front of me. I could kill you right now if it didn't upset our plans. And I can tell you now, I would have no remorse. None whatsoever." Harvey was silent. I hoped he was listening. I had

always wanted to deliver a Jack Speech on my own.

"But usâ€¦ Joker and Iâ€¦ We're all over the press as well. We're all over the television. We're right in front of you. But no one can touch us. No one can hurt us. Because everyone is so simple-minded. Everyone sees what they want to see. That's why they're predictable. We can make them see what they want to see. Bend them to our will. But you can't do the same to us. We're not the same. You getting this, Harvey? Because I'll repeat it all, word by word if I have to." Harvey was silent but his eyes were downcast, letting me know I had at least informed him on the way the petty world works.

"This placeâ€¦ It's like a circus. All the people in this cityâ€¦ they're the crowd. They're the audience. They watch with glee, amazement and terror. The ringleadersâ€¦ There's different ringleaders. There's the good ones who keep as much danger away from the crowd as possibleâ€¦ And then there's the ringleaders that want the crowd to feel terror. Batman, you, Commissioner Gordon, the fuckin' Mayorâ€¦ are all the good ringleaders. Joker and Iâ€¦ we're the bad guys. We want the crowd to feel in danger. We want them to feel fear. We want them to know that things get a little too close for comfort." I paused, "And then we all know about freak circus accidentsâ€¦ An elephant gets looseâ€¦ The lion tamer isn't so proficient in his job as he ought to beâ€¦ The good ringleaders try and keep things calm, ensure everyone's safety and save the day. The bad ringleadersâ€¦ They like to sit back and watch the panic. The audience need to know that just sitting back and watching the show doesn't mean they're safe. They need to know that they will die. And that's what Joker and I do. We tell them that they will. So that they can accept it and see for themselves that life isn't about watching a show. Everyone plays a part. You just gotta determine which part you're going to play as."

Harvey looked defeated and I smirked inwardly. Serves the bastard right for giving everyone false hope. For giving me false hope. "I'm going to see your Nurse now." I spoke monotonously and walked out of the door behind me. Jack was leaning against the wall opposite with an expectant look upon his face. He seemed to have been watching my little speech. "Impressive." Jack complimented.
>"Why thank you, dear." I replied with a grin.<p>

"Righto, since I'm your nurse, I'll be discharging you." Jack said with a devious smile. Harvey didn't move. He just watched me. It irked me to no end. I loosened the belt around his upper torso while Jack attended to his lower torso. Almost immediately after Harvey could move his arms, he wrapped them around me and hugged me. This was a no-no. I tried to twist out of his arms but he held strong. Damn it, did he work out? He was tonnes stronger than the last time he had his arms around me. Jack certainly did not like this.

"Getâ€¦ your handsâ€¦ off of dollface." Jack threatened lowly and when I managed to move Harvey enough to see Jack, his eyes showed that if Harvey didn't release me, he would die a slow and painful death. I liked that. Something in my heart swelled and I managed to conceal my glee. Slowly, much too slowly, Harvey released me and he sat back. I instantly moved away and over to Jack. "Now, before I decide to blow what little brains you have, I suggest you get dressed and leave. We'll be in touch. Probably. Maybe. Not certainly." And we turned and left.

As soon as we were out of earshot and sight, I hugged Jack fiercely. I think I'm going softâ€¦ He didn't seem to mind and he returned the hug just as viciously. "Thank you." I whispered roughly, my voice catching my throat.
>"Any time, dollface. Any time."<p>

We pulled away and didn't look at each other as we walked down the corridor. Jack pulled out the bomb detonator and we both imitated the explosion quietly with a simple expulsion of breath as Jack pressed the button. Explosions sounded from behind us and to be honest, I hoped that Harvey hadn't gotten out in time. But I knew he had.

Jack and I walked down the steps to Gotham General Hospital and we pretty much strutted down the path. I can only imagine how awesome we looked, what with the explosions going on behind us. We jumped off of the curb, ignoring the screams of the citizens and the journalists, camera men and news team scrabbling away. Jack began to slow and then I realized something was up too. All of the bombs were going off but there was supposed to be a big one. We turned and waited. It didn't come. Jack threw his hands up in irritation and I shook my head, placing my head in my hand. This was supposed to be a villain-worth exit. It was supposed to look terrifically evil. And now we had to stall. Jack began pressing the button more forcefully but still, it did not go off. I held out my hand in exasperation and he handed me the device. I pressed the button once, right in the centre, and with so much force I could have broken it. The explosion went off and we immediately began walking away again, Jack ignoring my smug grin. We climbed quickly into the remaining bus and drove away fast.

"Live? You want to do live footage?" I gaped. I don't particularly know why I was so uncomfortable with live footage. I think I was going through a phase or something.

>"What's the problem? This'll make itâ€¦ exhilarating." He reasoned and I sighed. Damn this man, when did he get so good at making me do things I didn't want to do with a simple sentence? Oh yeah, when I fell in love with him. That's when. It's a jolly good thing he couldn't read my thoughts, I'll tell you now. "Fine, but you're doing the speaking. I just can't be bothered." I whined. Jack looked at me with a frown. He was currently tying shoe laces in intricate patterns. I don't even know why.<p>

"What's up with you, dollface? Feeling under the weather? I don't recall you ever being lazy when it came to business. Maybe on a lazy Sunday afternoonâ€¦ but not work." Did I really seem that detached? Wow, I hadn't even noticed. I shrugged my shoulders off-handedly.

>"I don't know. I guess I'm getting aâ€¦ foreboding feeling. Like something bad is gonna happen." Jack looked like he was about to speak but I quickly cut across what I knew he was going to say, "Yeah, I know, Jack. Something bad is gonna happen and we're gonna make it happen." I paused for a moment, wondering whether this was even worth saying. I decided it wasn't. "Never mind." I muttered and walked to my room where I flopped over my bed. I wasn't in the mood for talking. The uneasy feeling in my stomach wouldn't leave me alone. I had come to trust my gut over the years. But this was one time I prayed that my trust was misplaced.<p>

**How does that sound? As you can see, I'm adding a little event in to spice things up a bit. I imagined a scene one day when I was

trying to sleep, to no avail, and I thought '**_**Ohhh, that sounds pretty good actuallyâ€¦| Hmmâ€¦| How can I make that work?*_**' So, I have big things in store! The Madness Of Being Solitary is lots of fun to write and so is Immortality. I'm getting a little stuck with Immortality, just to let you all know, so some of the chapters will just be citrus fillers. Hope you don't mind ;) Cheers folks. Adios.
**

Luna

10. Foreboding

"Jack! Ice cream!" I shouted from the kitchen. Almost immediately, footsteps bounded into the kitchen. I tried to contain my laugh as he pawed at me with limp hands. It didn't work. My laughter rang out loudly and echoed around the kitchen, Jack shortly joining in. It wasn't maniacal laughter, for once. It was pleasant. "Here you go." I handed him a bowl that had _5_ very generous sized scoops in it. His grin so big; I thought his scars might tear open. He kissed me on the cheek and _pranced_ out of the room. Yes, Jack Napier, The Joker, Feared Villain of Gotham Cityâ€¦| _pranced_. Because of ice cream. Then againâ€¦| The ice cream was very good.

"Hey, why do you get 6 scoops and I only get 5?" He questioned indignantly when I lay on the couch. He was at one end and I was sprawled at the other. Top and tail. I looked up at him with the spoon still in my mouth and my eyes wide and innocent. I had taken to keeping my mask off when we were at home. Jack had even gotten me into the habit of keeping my makeup off. It took a while, but we got there in the end. "Because I'm a woman. Women need more ice cream than men. It's a scientific fact that Einstein came up with." I explained and Jack just cocked an eyebrow. "You know it's true." I said defiantly and then stuck my tongue out at him, quickly shovelling another spoonful of ice cream in my mouth.

Jack grumbled good-naturedly and ate his ice cream silently. His silence worried me. "What's wrong, Jack?" I asked, still eating my ice cream so as not to show how worried I truly was. If he saw through it, he didn't indicate it. He looked at me intensely. _Why do I get the feeling he can see into my soul? My pitch black soul?_ "I'm getting the same feeling, dollface." For a moment, I thought he was replying to my thoughts. And I was scared shitless at what he could have heard. "I think something bad is gonna happen soon. To us." Oh, _that_. Thank the probably non-existent Gods.
>"It's gonna happen soon." I said quietly. Of course, I didn't know that, but as time went on, my uneasy feeling got worse and worse, until it felt like a stone sitting in my stomach. I felt uncomfortable.<p>

"I don't particularly want to leave, but it's only a short errand." I admitted as I put my makeup on. I was so used to not wearing the stuff anymore that I almost walked out of the door without it on. If Jack hadn't have called me back in, I dread to think what would have happened. Since people had seen me on television, I had to take extra precautions. I was wearing a big purple hoodie and tight jeans. The hood was _very_ deep and I liked it that way. "Then let me come with you. I don't want you getting in any trouble." Jack reasoned and I shook my head as I put my makeup away.

"I know you're uncomfortable without your makeup on. This sort of errand doesn't need a big shoot-out so if you wanted to come, you'd have to look 'normal'. I know how much you hate having your makeup off, so I'll do this on my own." I explained, using the 'You-don't-have-to-do-anything-you-don't-want-to-do' card. But the look in my eyes told him that it wasn't up for discussion. He sighed and nodded. "If something happens, I'll never forgive myself." I swallowed thickly.

>"Well, I'll have to feel guilty while whatever the bad thing is happens." I didn't cave. Yes!
>"Yeah, and maybe that'll teach ya."

So, I was out at the supermarket, looking at the wonderful selection of ice cream when a voice whispered in my ear. "I know who you are." I didn't look up, I didn't freeze, I didn't even feel surprised. I had known this would come. That's why I forced Jack to stay at home. I continued walking down the aisle, taking all of the flavours into careful consideration. "Do you? That's nice. You must be a really creepy stalker if you're actually going to confess to it." They chuckled throatily and it sent awful shivers down my spine. Not the kind Jack gave me when he got close to me, or the kind Jack gave me when he smirked at me. These were the kind of shivers that let me know that I wasn't going to get out of this, despite my reputation and strength. This man meant business and I knew that leaving my cell phone at home was a bad idea. "Don't you think we should go outside?" The man breathed and I could smell disinfectant on his breath. He also seemed adamant on not touching me though he was comfortable with breathing right on me. Oh great, a mysophobe. (**A mysophobe is someone with a phobia of germs, in case you didn't work it out or search it up**.) I gulped down bile and nodded. I knew this was coming. I followed the man outside. And then a sharp pain stabbed through my head, not unlike the one Jack and I suffered from in the interrogation room. Unfortunately, this one was not aimed to cause pain. It was supposed to knock me out. Which it did. What a lovely day I was having.

I awoke in a very bright room. Much too bright. I felt a little legarthic from my lack of consciousness and I peered around. It was just a large white room with large white lights. Nothing special. The room was simply a room. Made out of only concrete and whiteness. I didn't like it. I tried to push myself off of the hard, cold ground but I found that I couldn't. I tried to move my arms but I just couldn't. That was not something I was comfortable with. I struggled viciously and yelped a little. My eyes finally adjusted and I looked down, seeing one of the things that I feared the most. One of the things that gave me nightmares. I was in a straightjacket.

"Whoever did this to me is gonna get THEIR ARSE HANDED TO THEM ON A PLATE!" I screamed the last 8 words. My arms were restrained and breathing was difficult. The room was spacious and very wide but what was the point when I couldn't explore it? I'm not claustrophobic. I just have a massive fear of straightjackets. The large steel door I had failed to notice earlier swung open and a man stood there in white. It looked to be like a doctor's outfit and I got the idea it was a uniform. The man stood confidently at the door. I couldn't see his face; he was wearing a surgical mask. "Well, well, well, she finally awakens." The man's voice was muffled but I recognised it as the man in the supermarket. I didn't speak. "How are you liking your new room?" He asked sarcastically. I despised him. I hated him. I couldn't let him win. I smirked, catching him off guard.

>"Oh, I love it. I love the lack of furniture. It really brings out the blinding light." I said sardonically. He cocked an eyebrow at my somewhat cynical attitude.
"Well, I'm glad. Because you'll be remaining in Arkham Asylum until the day you die."

What were really hours felt like days. In order to cheer myself up, I thought about all of the brilliant ways I could torture my captor. Of course, everyone else would die as well but he, the man who I had yet to know the name of, would go first. Agonisingly. I smirked as I thought of all of the things I would do to him. And then I laughed very loudly when I thought of all of the pain that _Jack_ would inflict on him. I knew Jack was coming. I just knew it.

A few days passed and no sign of Jack. But I knew he was coming. I knew it. The man often sent other men in to inject something into me. It was a sedative. Whenever I woke up, I would find scars on my bare legs. I didn't know what they had done to me, but I knew that I would never want to look at my arms again. I could _feel_ them scratching things into my skin, even after I had woken up. I could feel the needles and the scalpels and the knives in every nightmare I suffered. When I was with Jack, I didn't have nightmares. I didn't dream. But nowâ€¦| Now, my mind was tortured by them. If the nightmares could have a physical being, they would pummel me to the ground, rape me, kill me eleven times over and do it all over again. But Jack was coming. I knew it.

I think a week passed. I don't know. With there being no windows in my prison and my sleeping schedule being fucked up, I had no idea whether it was daylight or nightdark. Oh wait, nightdark isn't a wordâ€¦| I like it.

No Jack. I think I gave up.

I wanted out. But I was too weak. Would he even come? Who was I waiting for again? Why was I once so confident they would come? Did this mean this mystery person didn't care? Was I insignificant?

I was awake the next time they tested on me. They came in and grabbed me roughly by the straightjacket. I was dragged into a large room filled with awful looking instruments, liquids and people. They strapped me down on a table but they kept me awake. I didn't like it. I screamed loudly. They poured a chemical down my throat and it made my throat dry almost immediately. I could no longer scream. I could no longer voice my opinions on this. They had taken my one remaining right away from me. I didn't have the freedom of speech anymore. And then the pain came. And oh man, it stung like a bitch. They didn't cease in injecting vile liquids into me or cutting my arms and legs and slicing my back. Were my scars on my face and wrists not enough? Did they want to mar me?

They made me like a man I think I used to know. They cut my mouth. They cut it so that it looked like I was smiling. Then they gave me another chemical that stopped the pain and sped up the healing process. And then they put me back in my cell and left me there to refuse to cry. Was I waiting for something? I couldn't recall. All I knew was the pain.

**So, this was pretty angsty and painful. Not very nice. I think the slow descent into the madness and forgetting who Jack was made it a little cooler, if I may so myself. Pretty please review! You guys

have NO idea how happy it makes me . So, hopefully this will suffice. To be honest, I can see this fic being finished in a few days. So stick with me until then! I realise that I have not even put a kiss in. I have put Sony's growing affection and love and Jack's increasing worry and compassion but I think you guys deserve a choice. So, if you review, tell me either A) They should kiss in the next chapter. B) They should kiss near the end to make it a sweet ending. C) They shouldn't kiss at all, it would ruin their characters. SO REVIEW PLEASE! :D Cheers folks. Adios.

**

Luna

11. A Social Experiment

I didn't know what I looked like. The scars could have healed by now but I couldn't see them. The straightjacket covered the scars on my arms but I could still see the dried blood and the fresh blood on my legs and floor. I didn't like the blood. I didn't like it on me. And now I feel all hypocritical. I've killed lots of people. I've had a bloody knife in my shoulder and my ribs and then had a car crash. Then I got thrown about in a bloody van, interrogated, beaten nearly to a bloody pulp, nearly exploded and then I had a big emotional chat with someone that I knew had some kind of significance in my life. I just couldn't remember who for the life of me.

Every few hours, the same would happen. I would get dragged out, the straightjacket would be removed, I would sometimes be knocked out, sometimes wouldn't, and then I'd be tested on. But I always had blood on me. As far as I could tell, my face had stopped bleeding. But I could still feel the crusted stuff on my cheeks and in my mouth. My lips were chapped from licking them so much and vomiting. I had never stayed an asylum before. Trust me to be in the largest, craziest and most heavily guarded of all. My heart hurt, as though it ached for something or someone. Did Emily come back? No! That wasn't it! Did I finally kill the Mayor? Was I wishing I had left it a little later, so that I could do it again? No, I hadn't! I'd be feeling satisfaction as well! Did I! fall in love?

I think I did. My heart beat and my perspiration and my coloured cheeks told me I did. But who was it? I squinted my eyes in the white light, trying to remember who it was. He was! different, I know that. Lots of people didn't like him! He wore makeup. Was that why people didn't like him? He was a cross-dresser? (**LOL**) No, I was certain that wasn't it. I think the makeup scared people. And hid his real face. He had green hair! And the most intense eyes I had ever seen. Not eyes that I could forget in a hurry. He was! Jack. Jack Napier. The Joker. How did I forget? Oh my god, what's wrong with me? I fell in love with that stupid, infuriating, beautiful, incredible man and I forgot who he was? DEAR GOD. "JACK!" I screamed at the top of my voice, the euphoria of gaining my memory suddenly made me feel invincible. And I felt so strong. I didn't even register shouts outside of my door. Or bones breaking. Or the pain of my mouth opening wide to scream. But I did hear the explosion. See it, too.

The steel door flew off of its hinges and seemed to glide across the room. I managed to move out of the way just in time for my body to remain intact. The steel door landed a few feet from where I was.

Damn, that was close. I looked up to find a man staring at me. His green hair hung loosely off of his withdrawn face and his purple suit was a bit tatty. His makeup appeared to be smudged quite a bit and had faded almost entirely in some places. And then I saw his eyes. They were simply filled with emotion and it felt like they could see into my soul. Jack.

"Sonyâ€|" He whispered hoarsely and I had to stop myself from sobbing.

>"Jackâ€|" I replied, with a major sore throat. A few moments passed, and Jack ran over and was in front of me in mere seconds. His forehead leaned against mine and we were gasping for breath, though we hadn't been underwater or kissing or anything. "I missed you so fuckin' much." Jack grinned a little, still supposedly getting over the shock. It felt like too long since I had seen him. How could I have forgotten this gem of a man? I don't even know. "Sony, I'm so sorry. So sorry. Please, please, please, please, please, please-." I cut him off.

>"No, Jack, don't apologize. Please don't." He looked at me with such emotion, I thought I would simply break. His eyes wandered over my scars on my face. And then he looked at the blood on my legs and the floor. I think there was even blood seeping through the straightjacket. "Look what they've done to youâ€| It'll take me weeks to make it up to you. Don't they have any decency?" I chuckled lightly at his humour.
"As much as I absolutely love seeing you, Jack, I want out of this straightjacket. Just get me out of this thing_." He nodded and worked quickly, cutting me out when the buckles were too fiddly. As soon as my arms were free, I threw them around Jack, not even looking at them. He immediately returned the embrace, both of us ignoring the irritating, shrill alarm. "Thank you." I whispered as I kissed his cheek, keeping my lips there for a few seconds before withdrawing. I looked at my arms and then I sighed.

They were covered in scratches, cuts, gashes, holes, etchings, patterns, writingâ€| It was disgusting. I didn't cry. I only stared. I then only stared at Jack when he pressed his lips to each horrifying unnatural anomaly on my arm. What was he doing? That didn't even make sense. I didn't like it. No, I'm lying. I loved it.

We were out of the Asylum as quickly as possible. I had a feeling that Jack had been there before and now I knew of the horrors within. When we got back, Jack sent me straight to bed. I had a motherfuckin' headache the size of Texas and every time it throbbed, it felt like a bloody nuke had dropped, setting off at least a hundred bombs and then created a world apocalypse. I think you can guess how much pain I was in. So, Jack placed me in my bed, saying that he would help me clean up the next day. He went to leave. "Jack." I mumbled. He looked back at me and I could see his inner turmoil. For letting that happen to me. "Stay." I said simply. He didn't hesitate. He came straight back and sat beside me. I shook my head.

"No, lay with me. You need to sleep too." I couldn't handle very many words at that present time. I think I was in shock that Jack had actually rescued me. The bloody heroâ€| He didn't reply. But he did as I asked. He crossed to other side of the bed, removed his jacket, waistcoat and shoes, and then crawled into bed with me. As soon as he was in, I turned and buried my face into his chest. He kept me close. How would I repay this man? God, I don't even know. I guess vowing

never to leave him would be a good place to start.

I woke up the next morning and regretted it. Jack was still asleep and the temptation to kiss him was overwhelming. Not only that, but his makeup was off. I hadn't even realized he had removed it last night before he put me to bed. I slowly looked up and I couldn't help but admire him. Of course I couldn't help it; I'm in love with him for God's sake. His scars were more pronounced without the makeup and it made me think of what mine must look like. I didn't like thinking. So, I drifted off again feeling a little better than I did earlier.

"Wakey wakey." I grumbled lowly. Who on earth would dare wake me up? "Come on, dollface. Remember, we got a point to prove to a city of dull." My eyes cracked open a little. Of course, only Jack would. "Cooooome ooon. I'm getting a little bored, ya know." I groaned and stretched like a cat, ignoring the fact that I was stretching right over a man who I found incredibly attractive. A small growl elicited from Jack's chest and I smirked. "Yeah, take that." I taunted. I didn't count on the fact that he stronger than me. He flipped us, him now on me, and nuzzled my hair.
>"As much as I adore you, dollface, I don't want to
completely de-flower you." And then he got up. Leaving me a red-faced mess. Since when did I blush? Since Jack, that's when.

I had bathed and scrubbed all of the blood off of my skin. The hospital gown was burned, I didn't even have to ask Jack to do that for me. We left the straightjacket at the asylum. Guilt gnawed at my stomach as I thought about the plan. How much had I disrupted it? I don't think I wanted to ask. Jack could see how guilty I was. He didn't ask for the reason because he already knew. He didn't need to reassure me though. I knew he didn't mind. At least, I think I knew.

The longer we sat and waited, the more my blood boiled. It was night and the ferries were being boarded. I gulped down bile and anger and then stood and paced. I was feeling so restless. Jack just watched me in amusement. Every time my mind wandered from the current plan, it wandered to the Mayor. I had yet to kill him. I needed to kill him. The thoughts about his soon to be grisly death kept running through my head and the techniques and deaths got more creative every time. God damn it, this was so annoying. I should have been concentrating at the task at hand.

"What's up, dollface?" Jack asked casually, still slouching by a metal girder in the building we were stationed in. All of our hostages were in the clown suits. It would be amusing to watch Batman try to kill them, realize his mistake, and then kill the SWAT team that we knew were hoping to triangulate our position. I sighed. "I can't stop thinking about the Mayor." Jack raised his eyebrows.

>"You like him that much, huh?" He teased and I managed a little smile, my scars stretching a little.
"_Yeaaaahhh_." I paused and went back to being serious, "I want to kill him. A lot. I don't know when I'll next get the chance." I explained. Jack tilted his head and continued watching me.

"I'll be shipped to Arkham after this." Jack told me. I looked at his sharply. His face and voice were monotonous and indifferent but his eyes told me a different story. That he didn't want to go. But who

would want to go to that horrid place? "And do you wish to go?" I asked, making sure I wasn't imagining it. He looked at me sadly.

>"Not particularly." I strode back over to him and sat beside him.
"I'll be with you though. I'll be there too. Then you won't go any _crazier_ than you already are." I teased lightly. He didn't chuckle. He just continued to watch me. It was sorta creeping me out but it excited me as well. Is that healthy? I certainly hope so. "I won't let you go back. Not after what they did to you. No way." He vowed, hand on his chest and everything. I frowned and swallowed.

>"Yeah, well, I'm not going to let you go then. I'll be there, just in time, to save you." I did the same oath as he did and he didn't argue. He merely watched me as he played with my hair.

The time had come. I pressed a few buttons on our general controller for the ferries and their lights, engineering and basic stuff like that. One by one, the lights flickered and the engines stopped. I had no doubt that they'd be checking the engine rooms, finding our fantastic bomb, _present_ and oil tanks. It just added a little danger. And God knows, we love ourselves a bit of danger. Jack took his phone out of his pocket and pressed one button. I heard it dial and I nearly laughed at the fact that he had the both of the ferries' intercom on speed dial.

"Tonight, you're all gonna be a part of a social experiment." _Like guinea pigs_. "Through the magic of diesel and ammonium nitrate, "Oh, how I _love_ explosions. "We're ready right now to blow you all sky-high." Jack then handed the silver phone to me and I took it, ignoring the _wonderful_ sensations I got from the brief contact our fingers made, despite the fact we were both wearing gloves. I had taken to speaking with a sort of seductive voice when addressing people over the phone. I think it added to my _mystery_. Haha, just kidding. It was just great fun to see the look of disapproval on Jack's face. At least, I think it was disapproval. "If anyone attempts to get off their boat, you all die." I smirked as I looked at the boats on the water, stranded. "Each of you has a remote to blow up the other boat." I took the phone away from me for a moment and covered both the speaker and the receiver. "Oh, I rhymed." I said with a little grin at Jack. He cackled a little from behind me.

I had a feeling that they found us. Don't ask me how, but I had a feeling they knew. It was only a matter of time. I gestured for him to take the phone but he shook his head. I think he liked it when I talked on the phone. Was it my tone? Or was I just that amusing? "At midnight, we blow you all up." I spoke clearly with an amused tone. "If, however, one of you presses the button, we'll let that boat live." Hah, give them something to think about, get violent about, riot aboutâ€¦ Oh, chaos is so much _fun_. "So, who's it gonna be? Harvey Dent's most-wanted scumbag collection or the _sweet_ and _innocent_ civilians? You choose." I was about to end the call when Jack quickly shook his head. I gave him the phone.
>"Oh, and you might wanna decide quickly because the people on the other boat may not be quite so nobleâ€¦" And then he ended the call. Dramatic. Love it.<p>

"Batsy's gonna be here pretty soon and, personally, I can't _wait_." Jack said with a grin. I cocked an eyebrow at his behaviour. He was acting very funny, if you excuse the irony of the clown makeup and his alias. "Aww, you sound like you're in love." I said with a wink.

He turned his Cheshire cat grin on me.

>"Oh, I am. Just, uhâ€¦ Not with old Batsy out there." He said, walking over to me rather slowly and raising his finger a little at 'Not'. I tilted my head.

>"Oh? And who would that be? Wait, don't tell meâ€¦ Dent? You've been seeing him behind my back? Ouch, that hurts." He huffed a little and stopped midway over to me.
"_Despite_ your _adamant_ beliefs that I'm gay, it's _not_ a man." And so I thought hard on trying to work out who he was in love with. Oh, of courseâ€¦ His wifeâ€¦ I would _not_ mention her though. That would either depress Jack or make him angry. Unfortunately, he suspected what I was thinking. "It's not her." He said bluntly. I threw my hands up in desperation.

>"Well then who is it?" I cried, beginning to feel irritated.<p>

"You mean you _haven't_ _worked_ it out yet?" Jack actually seemed surprised. I looked at him with a 'What-do-you-think?' expression and waited. He then began to cackle. "Oh man, this is just _too_ good." He even _wiped_ a tear from his eyes_. Bloody hellâ€¦

>"Well then, by all means, tell me." I said with exasperation. He crossed his arms. Damn you, Jack.

>"And why should I tell you?" I nearly snorted. I think the shouting was stretching my mouth too much. The scars were beginning to feel sore. Ow, how does Jack put up with this? "I'm your partner, Jack. You can tell me _anything_." I was half-joking, but the other half hoped he did.

>"That doesn't merit a reason!" Was Jack getting angry? He certainly was getting frustrated. Was he trying to get something out of me? OH GOD, HAD HE WORKED IT OUT?<p>

Jack had walked a bit closer to me and I could actually see his eyes willing me to figure out who the insanely lucky woman was. I just shook my head and shrugged with a helpless expression. "Dude, I have no idea!" I nearly shouted. My temper is difficult to contain sometimes. My frustration at the Mayor earlier wasn't helping any. Jack actually got angry. Well, I say angry, more likeâ€¦ yea, frustrated, as I said before. "Oh my god, Sony, it's your for crying out loud." And that shut me up nice and quick.

**Hehehehe :) I think I'll just, uh, leave it there. Because, I'm evil. How's that? Hope you guys liked it! I thought it was pretty fun and hopefully, you guys think it's really cool and shizz. REVIEW PLEASE. Cheers folks. Adios. **

Luna

12. The Apparent Ending

"â€¦ What?" Yeah, a real intelligent reply, right? Embarrassing. Jack laughed. Not cackled. Not giggle weirdly. He laughed like an ordinary man. Jack was anything _but_ ordinary. "Oh, Sony, really? I thought it made obvious." Had he been _intending_ for me to know? It seemed like it. Damn, I feel so stupid now. Now that I think about it, it was a _little_ obviousâ€¦

>"You're absolutely sure? This isn't some horrid joke or some kind of rare but lovely dream which I'm going to wake up from?" I was apprehensive. What if it was a joke? He was known for being the Joker after all. Damn it, this man was too unpredictable for me to even hazard a guess as to what his true motives were. "Sonyâ€¦

I'm being serious."

It seemed too good to be true. Why was I so adamant on not believing it? I don't even know. "â€| Well, what am I supposed to actually do now? Am I supposed to accept? Am I supposed to decline? Am I supposed to hug you and kiss you?" I was genuinely confused as to what to do next. Again, Jack just laughed. He was acting so human. I think, sometimes, I forgot that he was a human. Just a human. "Well, I think the first one would be preferable for me. And the latter."
>"What, the hugging and kissing?"
"Precisely."
>"Alrighty then." And I ran over. Or at least, I would have. If the SWAT team had not burst in roof and if we hadn't heard Batman on the floor below us, grappling up, I might have gotten a kiss. But ohhh nooo, karma seems to have it in for me. I wonder why.

In order to protect the both of us, we acted as though nothing had happened. Jack turned, the dogs that I had forgotten to mention earlier growling at the approaching 'hero'. "Ah, you made it. We're so thrilled." Jack said, taking a few steps towards him with a pipe that I hadn't noticed in his hand either.
>"Where's the detonator?" Batsy spoke with his rough gravelly voice. I still didn't like it. Jack seemed to wait for a moment and then quickly signalled to the dogs. "Go get him." He commanded and the canines barked and growled, running towards the huge man. Or at least the man that looked huge in a suit. I was pretty sure he wasn't as fat as he looked in the suit.<p>

Batman batted one of the dogs off of the edge, the damn bastard, and then got knocked over by another. Yeah, take that! The remaining two dogs bit at him and from the noises Batman made, it was painful. Looks like his suit didn't protect him very well against dog teeth. Interestingâ€| Jack began growling and he seemed extremely angry. Why, I couldn't tell. When Jack turned to me, however, the reason was in his eyes. For causing me pain. For interrupting our moment. For causing us trouble right when we didn't need it.

Jack struck Batman with the pipe so many times, I lost count. His anger was fuelled into his attacks. I was at a complete loss as to what I should do. Batman had two dogs and a rabid man beating the shit out of him. If I tried to join, I'd get in the way. So, instead, I took out a pistol and shot some of the SWAT guys threatening to get too close a few floors down.

When I looked back, Jack began to speak. He was sitting on Batman, the pipe in one hand and a knife in the other. "All the old familiar places." He taunted and then stabbed the knife into Batman's eye, I think. It seemed like it anyway. He pushed Jack off and stood, the net that covered him now on the floor. I could see the eye pieces flashing on and off and I realized he had been using some kind of sonar radar in order to see everything. If Batman hadn't been used to it, I'm sure that he would have been really confused. He stumbled a little, trying to search for Jack, who had disappeared from my view as well.

His vision seemed to return, at least mostly, and he spotted me. Damn. He immediately grabbed me by the shirt and he threw me. Into a whole bunch of boxes. They were made of metal. I sincerely tried to get up and you know I did. I wanted to beat the living shit out of this guy! But, no, my body needed to recover from a horrible fall like that. I peered around me and found something surprising. The ice

cream tub-bomb Jack had made weeks ago. Huh. So, as Jack beat Batsy around the face with a pipe with rage, I thought about what would happen afterwards.

Jack said he would be going to Arkham. I didn't like that. He didn't like that. Hey, if I died right there, I would have died without kissing Jack. I think that's what made me more adamant to save him. I couldn't live without him, as horribly sappy as that sounds. But it was then that I realizedâ€| Where were the explosions? I'd have thought that the horrible 'nobility' of the two different classes of people on the boats would have made them blow each other up. If I'm honest, I expected the civilians to kill the criminals. But, no, nothing happened. I managed to move my wrist silently. 00:00. What the? Ohâ€| Batman, you're just too good.

I heard Jack throw the pipe down in anger and I felt irritated as well. Well, irritated was a bit of an understatement. And then, I heard a yelp of pain and immediately, I knew something had happened. I forced myself to sit up and all I heard was Jack's cackling fading, as I knew he plummeted off of the building. And then it stopped. Very suddenly. Had he died? Oh god, I couldn't deal with that. So, I forced myself to my feet and stumbled over to where I could now see Batman hoisting something up. Damn it, now I owed him for saving my hubby. It's a cruel world we live in.

Now, Jack was hanging upside down, slowly spinning this way and that, as he rambled on about 'immovable objects' and Batman just couldn't kill him. I tuned it out now that I knew Jack was alright, and I thought about the aftermath. Jack would no doubt imply that Harvey had gone mad, if he didn't tell him directly. Batsy would leaveâ€| I silently walked back to where I had been thrown and searched.

I placed the tub-bomb at the top of the stairs and then removed the detonator. As I did so, I heard Jack burst into laughter and Batman stalked off. And the footsteps of the SWAT team approached the stairs. Righto. I ran to where Jack was and dived onto the extended platform. Then I pressed the button. It exploded and the SWAT team died with it.

I heaved sighs of relief for a few minutes. When I finished, I just noticed that Jack was no longer giggling like an insane man. He was completely silent, save for the creaks of the metal that held him up. I chanced a look at him. He was staring at me. Damn it, and it was so intense I felt like I might cry. Gradually, I eased myself up into a seated position and grabbed the rope that kept Jack in place. I pulled it as hard as I could. Slowly but surely, Jack was ascending. My hands were burning from the strain but I'll be damned if I failed now. "God damn it, you'll be laying off the ice cream when we move house." Yes, I had officially decided we would move. He didn't have a say. I was fond of the warehouse, yes, but I wanted a place with a lovely view and for it to be well-furnished. I think I had had enough of living without many possessions. Jack grinned a little and then returned to his otherwise stony state.

Finally, Jack toppled over the top of the metal frame. I grabbed one of my hidden knives and cut the cord around his ankle. We didn't move for a while, just staring at the much too innocent criminals and civilians on the boats. Things would be so boring now. I knew that Harvey wouldn't last long against Batman. Especially since Harvey was delirious.

"I did tell you that I was in love with you, right?" Jack spoke suddenly, as if he had forgotten. I looked at him and nodded.

>"Indeed you did." He gave a nod as well and we silent again. And then Jack broke it again.
"Do you love me?" Somehow, it felt weird that Jack was taking the initiative and talking about this. Surely I should be doing thatâ€¦ Ah well. I suppose it can't be helped. "Yes, I do. Very much." I responded with a soft smile. This was a bit difficult to do. My face was also aching. >"Thenâ€¦ why haven't you kissed me yet? I don't like being deprived of something I want." My gaze had wandered back to the boats but now it snapped back to Jack. His bloody intense eyes were just staring into me, boring a hole into me, boring a hole in my heart. The heart that belonged to him now, the selfish devil. "Oh, I apologise. I suppose I had gotten a bit carried away, what with the explosions, the fistfights, and let's not forget the fal-." I was cut off by his lips on mine.

He tasted divine. I think that's all I can say on the matter. I didn't even register the thick grease paint on his face. It didn't obscure his lips from mine so it wasn't a problem. Although, I'm pretty sure I'd have his makeup on my face by now. His mouth was moist and sour, a very tangy taste that provided a nice contrast to my ice cream. I wondered vaguely what he had eaten recently to give him that taste. Unless that was him naturally. In which case, I loved it anyway. I think it's needless to say, the kiss got more heated. Pent up emotions are never a good thing but in this case, I think I can honestly say, God save emotions.

"Told you I wouldn't let them take you to Arkham." I said smugly as we drove. We had hardly spoken since the kiss because words were unnecessary. We loved each other and that was that. Jack and I had moved almost all of the stuff to our new home and now, we just had to move ourselves. I glanced back through the rear window at the retreating warehouse. I would miss it. I think, if we had to hide somewhere else again, we'd return. I returned my gaze to the front of the car when our old home disappeared from view. I was sitting in the back of the car, no surprises there, and Jack was driving. Without any makeup on. He was 'normal'. Well, I say without any makeup on, he was using some of the stuff I used for my eyes and now used for my mouth. I don't even know why I didn't suggest it before. I'll say now that he looked mighty fine. The house was on the other side of Gotham. On the sea front, I might add. And, I'll just tell you now, I love the sea side. Love it.

"Yeah, well, I promised I wouldn't let you go back. Look who's smug now." Jack winked at me in the mirror and I smirked. I think we would continue being villains. But, now that I think about it, I valued Jack's life above my own. Now, don't get me wrong, Jack was a professional. But the only reason he was really still alive, was because people knew that he wanted to die. Now that I was hereâ€¦ Was that going to change? I shook it out of my head. Emily would be proud of me, I think. When I killed the Mayor, I'd like to think I would stop being a villain. But would Jack even let me? Would he want to settle down too? I had to. For Emily. For her.

"Looking forward to your new home?" Jack asked, snapping me out of my rather depressing thoughts. I grinned. >"Oh yeah. I can't wait." I replied, albeit a little childishly. He

just giggled a little. The conversation stopped there. Means of communication were as follows: Winks, grins, smirks, eye contact, kisses, sly touches and when Jack pulled over the car to get his hands on me when I provoked him too many times. Life was good.<p>

The house wasâ€| breath-taking. It wasn't huge or anything. That would draw attention. But it was big enough for some class or style or whatever. It was decided that we would go shopping later for more furniture, food (mostly ice cream) and stuff like that. Our presence was not forgotten in Gotham City, but it was ignored for such a period of time that they no longer remembered what we actually looked like. Well, not without our makeup on anyway. Who could forget The Joker and The Actor with their makeup and masks on? No one. But no one had actually seen Jack without his war paint. And people had forgotten what I had looked like without the mask. So, shopping wouldn't be a problem. We'd have to get used to not stealing things though. But, with the right guidance, we'll be alright. I turned to Jack. "Who fitted all of the furniture?" I asked curiously. He turned to me.
>"I have connections." He said simply with an insanely sexy smirk. Damn that man.<p>

I think, it's needless to say, that for the first few nights, sleep only came in a few hours at a time. You work it out. I'll admit that I have not changed all that much since the start of the story, but come on, I fell in love with a homicidal maniac who is now not so maniacal. Or homicidal. Plus, I was even thinking of settling down. For Emily. But don't worry. Rest assured, I will not give up on ending the Mayor. He would be final message to the City. _No one is safe_. And no one truly is. It's all about the part you choose to play. I'm Solace. Or The Actor. Or Sony. And that, my friends, was my story.

****IT'S DONE! OH MY GOD! DUN DUN DUUNNNN! Hope you guys liked that! I found that so enjoyable to write! Thank you to all of you who reviewed and favourite and stuff. You guys are simply awesome. I love you all and you can all have a nommy cookie :3 CHEERS FOLKS! ADIOS! ****

****Luna****

End
file.